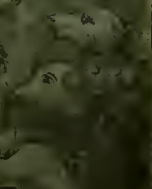
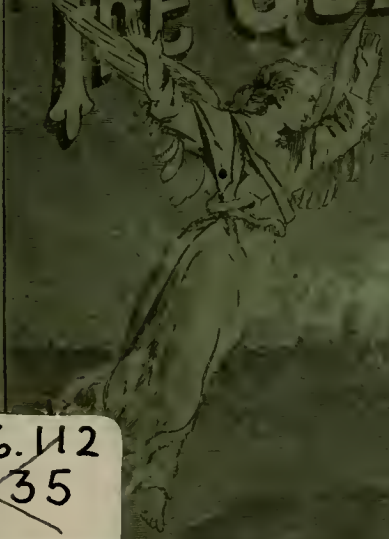


The GUIDING STAR



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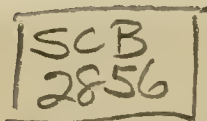
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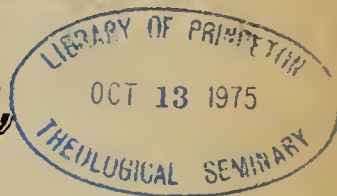
BY

REV. D. C. JOHN.

PHILADELPHIA:

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WHENEVER a new author appears in a well cultivated field of literature, there is a natural desire on the part of the public to know something about the history of his adventure. To all such inquiries we reply, that the following pages are ^{the} recreations of an amateur, and not the work of a professional song-maker.

Prompted by a love of sacred song, and impressed with its importance as an element in Sabbath School instruction, we devoted the spare moments of an otherwise busy life to writing hymns and tunes specially adapted to that work. In two years' time sufficient material had accumulated to form the basis of the work, which, upon being submitted to the criticism of friends, was pronounced sufficiently meritorious to warrant publication.

In presenting it to the public, attention is called to the following special features:—

I. OLD HYMNS.—We have introduced many classic hymns from the collections of the leading denominations, which, though enshrined in the hearts of adult Christians, are practically unknown to the children of the Sabbath School.

Although they are the best sacred lyrics in the language, they have been ignored in Sabbath School books, and their place supplied with inferior and ephemeral songs, to satisfy an injudicious and vulgar taste for novelty. We hope our effort to popularize these venerable gems by easy and spirited airs, will be approved by every Sabbath School officer who prefers lofty poetic conception to religious commonplace.

II. NEW HYMNS.—These have been selected with care, and while a few may fall below the true lyric, there are many, which, we believe, will live beyond the edition which gives them birth. We praise the Sabbath School and teachers sparingly, and do not attempt to juvenize the idea of God by the application of pet names. The essence of Christian experience and hope is discussed in the hymns, "Guiding Star," "Praise in the Forest," "Along the River deep and wide," "O City of the Jasper Wall," "Mission of Angels," etc., and no hymn has been admitted, which does not specifically enforce some practical Christian doctrine. Wherever possible, the hymns have been duly accredited; where no credit is given, the author is either unknown, or the hymn is so extensively re-written as to destroy its identity. Quite a number were written by the author, and now appear for the first time in print.

III. THE MUSIC.—An experience of twenty years in the Sabbath School proves that difficult or spiritless music is thrown aside at the first trial. We have, therefore, endeavored to wed the thought presented in our hymns to congenial, spirited, and easy airs, and all unnecessary chromatic ornamentation has been conscientiously avoided. We write not for the praise of adepts, but for the edification of the children, whose wants we aspire to supply.

Finally, acknowledging our indebtedness to J. H. Tenney, Prof. Jno. R. Sweney, and others, for valuable contributions to the work, we now send it forth upon its mission. That the blessing of Him who tuned our lips to song, and made it a part of his worship, may accompany it, is the earnest prayer of

THE AUTHOR.

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THE GUIDING STAR.

THE GUIDING STAR.

D. C. JOHN.

Fast.

1. Low on the night ho - ri - zon, Be-hold the na - tal star Proclaims the new-born Saviour, On Bethle'ms plains afar.
 2. To guide the wond'ring Ma-gi, On wing of flame it sped; And standing o'er the manger, Reveal'd his lowly bed.

Prepare your richest o - dors, Sweet incense, myrrh, and gold; Go hail the Roy - al Stranger, By ancient seers foretold.
 The worshippers approach him, With gifts and odors rare, And low be-fore him hending, The Son of God de-clare.

3. Though long that star has faded,
 On eastern sky and shore,
 It lives in song and story,
 And shall forever more.
 For now th'exalted Savior,
 Upon his Father's throne,
 Shines purer far, and brighter,
 Than e'er the symbol shone.

4. Shine on, oh, blessed Day-star
 Wherever man hath trod;
 Bring back each long-lost wand'rer
 To happiness and God.
 Arise, "Desire of Nations,"
 Thy brightness now display;
 Dispel our night of sorrow,
 And usher in the day!

WORKING FOR JESUS.

By permission,
J. E. Gould.

1. 'Tis sweet^{1st} to work for Je - sus in this life's lit-tle day, To spread around "the joyful sound," as those for-giv - en may.

To tell his lov - ing kind-ness, his prom-ises so true; To urge the young that they may come and trust this Savior too.

CHORUS.

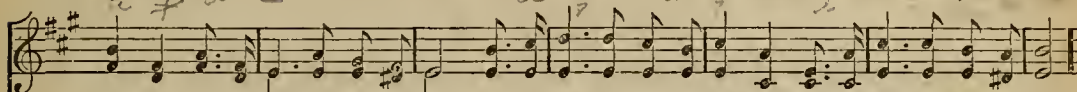
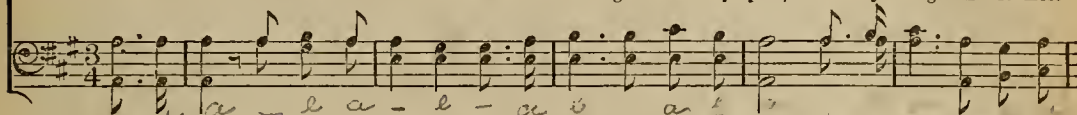
mf We'll work, we'll work, work while 'tis call'd to-day, we'll work, we'll work yes, work while yet we may.
we'll work we'll work we'll work we'll work we'll work

2. 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus; he this our one desire,
Our purpose still to do his will, whatever he require.
No action is too lowly, no work of love too small;
If Christ but lead, we may indeed well follow such a call.
Chorus.—We'll work, &c.

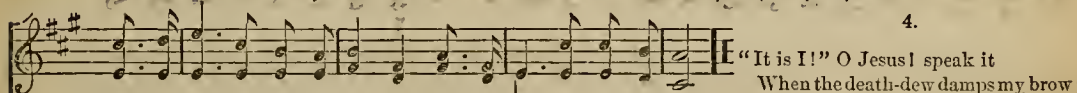
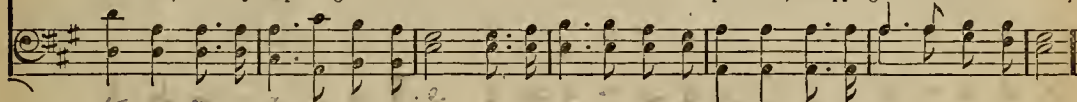
3. 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus—oh! weary not of this,
But onward press with cheerfulness, though rough the path-
way is.
Hold on unmoved and patient, till he shall call thee home,
With joy to stand at God's right hand, to serve before the
throne.
Chorus.—We'll work, &c.



1. "It is I!" O bless-ed Je-sus! Speak to me that cheer-ing word; High a-bove the foam-ing
2. "It is I!" How blest the to-ken To the stran-ger in the wild! Des-o-late I am no
3. "It is I!" That voice shall soft-en All the an-guish of my pain, Be my strength in ut-most



bil-lows, Let its gen-tle sound be heard; For the sea of grief o'erwhelms me, And my spir-it faints thro' fear;
leu-ger, Feel no more an or-phan child. "It is I!" Those words shall guide me To my Fa-ther's house above,
weak-ness, In my deep-est grief sus-tain. Nev-er shall a cloud o'erspread me, Wrapping me in darkness round;



And I long to hear those ac-cents, Tell-ing me that thou art near.
Where I face to face shall see thee, Whom not hav-ing seen, I love.
But its gloom shall flee most sure-ly At the mu-sic of that sound.



4.
"It is I!" O Jesus! speak it
When the death-dew damps my brow;
Let me hear thee softly whisper,
"I am with thee even now."
Then no more shall death affright me,
Knowing thee, my Savior, nigh;
Feeling infinite compassion
In the blessed "It is I!"

HOW TEDIOUS AND TASTELESS THE HOURS.

Air arranged from the theme, "Thou hast Learned to Love Another."

Earnestly.

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Je-sus no lon-ger I see; Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have
 2. His name yields the richest perfume, And sweeter than music his voice; His presence dis-per-ses my gloom, And
 3. My Lord, if in-deed I am thine,— If thou art my sun and my song; Say, why do I languish and pine, And

all lost their sweetness to me.
 makes all with-in me rejoice;
 why are my winters so long?

The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim,
 I should, were he al-ways thus nigh,
 Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky;

The fields strive in vain to look
 Havenoth-ing to wish or to
 My soul cheer-ing pres-ence re-

gay,
 fear;
 store;

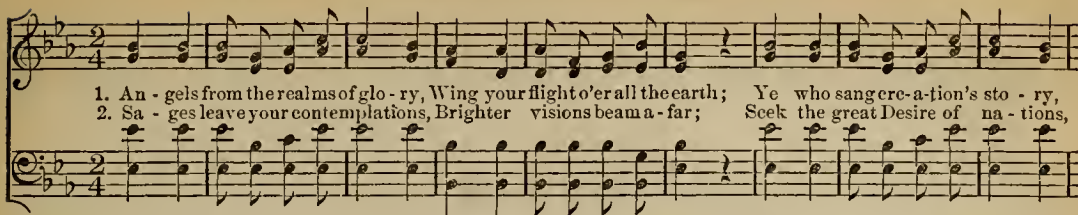
But when I am hap-py in him,
 No mor-tal so hap-py as I—
 Or let me as-cend up-on high,

De-cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.
 My sum-mer would last all the year.
 Where win-ter and clouds are no more.

ANGELS FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY.

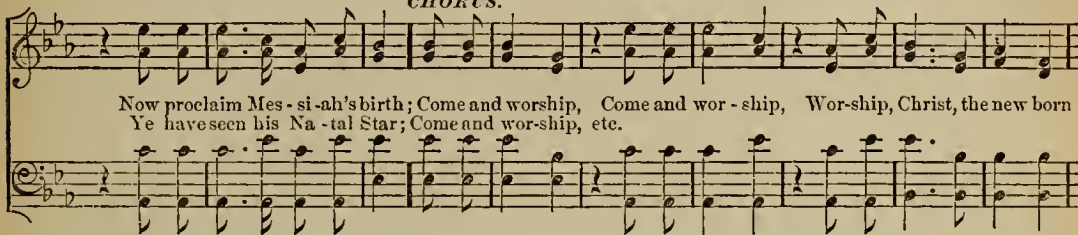
H. C. JOHN.

7

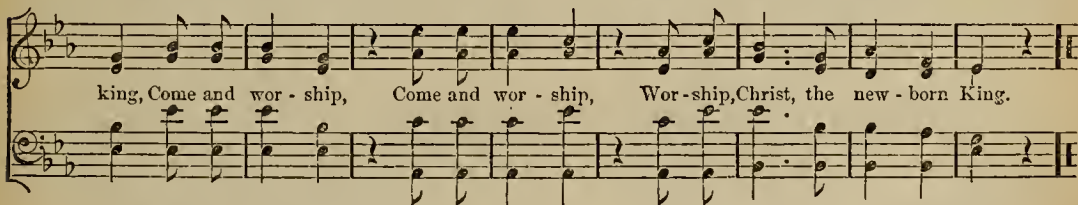


1. An - gels from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth; Ye who sang ere a - tion's sto - ry,
2. Sa - ges leave your contemplations, Brighter visions beam a - far; Seek the great Desire of na - tions,

CHORUS.



Now proclaim Mes - si - ah's birth; Come and worship, Come and wor - ship, Wor - ship, Christ, the new born
Ye have seen his Na - tal Star; Come and wor - ship, etc.



king, Come and wor - ship, Come and wor - ship, Wor - ship, Christ, the new - born King.

3. Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear;
Suddenly the Lord descending,
In His temple shall appear.
Come and worship, etc.

4. Sinners wrung with true repentance,
Doomed by guilt to endless pains;
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you, break your chains.
Come and worship, etc.

1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our dark-ness and lend us thine aid,
 2. Say shall we yield Him, in-cost-ly de-vo-tion, O-dors of E-den, and off'-rings di-vine;

The first system of the musical score for 'Star of the East'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in 2/4 time and key of B-flat major. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff, with two verses. The first verse begins with '1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our dark-ness and lend us thine aid,' and the second verse begins with '2. Say shall we yield Him, in-cost-ly de-vo-tion, O-dors of E-den, and off'-rings di-vine;'. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and a key signature change to B-flat major.

Star of the East, the hor-i-zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid.
 Gems of the moun-tain, and pearls of the o-cean, Myrrh from the for-est, and gold from the mine?

The second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are 'Star of the East, the hor-i-zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid. Gems of the moun-tain, and pearls of the o-cean, Myrrh from the for-est, and gold from the mine?'. The music continues with similar rhythmic patterns and a key signature change to B-flat major.

Cold on his cra-dle, the dew-drops are shin-ing, Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall,
 Vain-ly we off-er each am-ple ob-la-tion, Vain-ly with gifts would his fa-vor se-secure;

The third system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are 'Cold on his cra-dle, the dew-drops are shin-ing, Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall, Vain-ly we off-er each am-ple ob-la-tion, Vain-ly with gifts would his fa-vor se-secure;'. The music concludes with a final cadence in B-flat major.

An - gels a - dore him in slum - ber re - clin - ing; Mak - er and Mon - arch and Sa - vior of all.
Rich - er by far is the heart's a - dor - a - tion, Dear - er to God are the pray'rs of the poor.

CEASE YE MOURNERS, CEASE TO LANGUISH.

D. C. J.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—Rev. vii. 17.

1. Cease ye mourners, cease to lan - guish, O'er the grave of those ye love; Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,

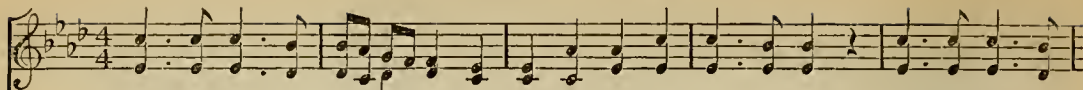
2.
While our silent steps are straying,
Lonely thro' night's deep'ning shade;
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy christian's head.

3.
Light and peace at once deriving,
From the hand of God most high;
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never never die,

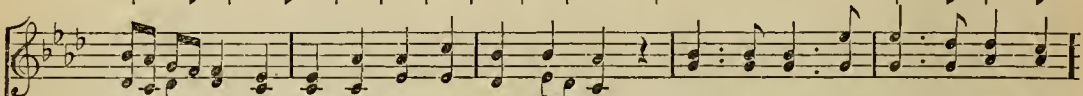
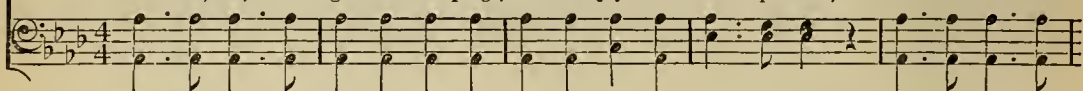
En - ter not the world a - hove, En - ter not the world a - hove.

THE EARLY CROWNED.

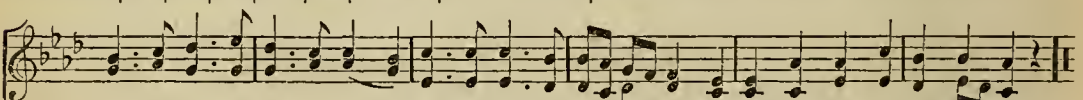
D. C. Jones.



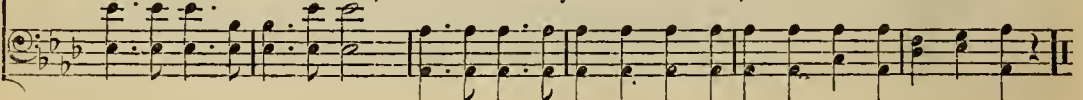
1. Mourn my harp, the soon de-part-ed, Ten-der smil-ing, in - fan-cy; Child-hood, pure and
 2. Who would dim their rap-tur'd vi-sion, With the veil of flesh a-gain? Who would dash their
 3. Fath-er, O, for-give our car-pings, Let that joy-ous ser-aph band, Round thee dance with



mer-ry heart-ed, Snatch'd from yearning breasts a-way. Yet ab-stain from grief con-sum-ing,
 cup-e-ly-sian, Sub-sti-tute the cup of pain? Who would hush their ho-ly ea-rols,
 hap-py harp-ings, Still the lov'd in glo-ry land. Ills can nev-er more be-fall them,



Res-cued from the fu-ture ill; Safe in bow'rs for-ev-er blooming, They are liv-ing smil-ing still.
 Break their harps and drown their song; Bring them back to woes and perils, Sub-ject them to frauds and wrong?
 Stars in Je-sus' di-a-dem; Nev-er more may we re-call them, But we has-ten on to them.



JOYFUL PRAISE.

11

Words by REV. W. H. BURRILL.

Music by JNO. B. SWENEY

1. Oh, how sweet it is to sing, An-them to our heavenly King; Let us high our voi - ces raise, In our
 2. When the dawn of car - ly light, Swallows up the shades of night; Let us then be - gin our song, All the

CHORUS.

great Redeem-er's praise. Sing-ing, sing-ing, joy - ful - ly, Oh, how hap - py now are we; and through all e -
 day its notes pro-long. Sing-ing, sing-ing, etc.

ter - ni - ty We'll sing and hap - py be.

3.
 Through the busy scenes of life,
 With its conflicts and its strife;
 Let our songs with cheerful strains,
 Echo, through earth's hills and plains.
Chorus.

4.
 Oh, how blest the heart which feels,
 Bliss which o'er the spirit steals;
 When the soul is filled with praise,
 Bursting forth in joyful lays. *Chorus.*

*The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a merchant man, * * Who when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it, Matt. xiii. 45, 46.*

1. Pearl of the o - cean, Gem of the sea, Jew - el of beau - ty, Purchased for me;
 2. Sin hath de-form'd me, I am so vile; How can he love me, Give me his smile;
 3. Naught to re - pay it Have I but sin; I will re - ceive it, Wear it with - in.

Je - sus once bought it, Paid with his pain; This was the cost of it—Je - sus was slain!
 O - ver my heart-bruise, Bleeding with sin, Je - sus hath paid it, Shin - ing with - in.
 Je - sus, Re-deem - er, Dwell in my heart, Nev - er, Oh, nev - er, From me de - part.

CHORUS.

Pearl of the o - cean, Mine it shall be, Beau - ti - ful jew - el, Purchas'd for me.

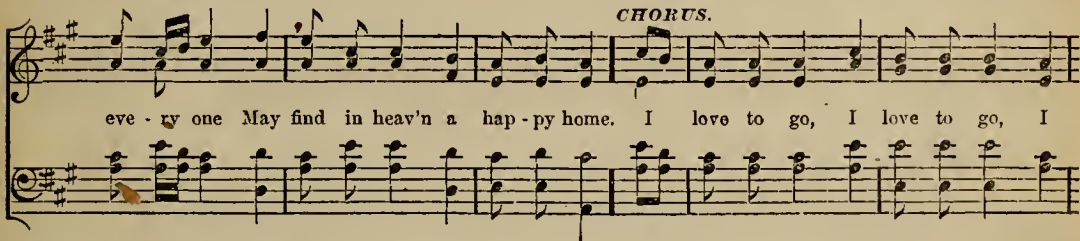
I LOVE TO GO TO SABBATH SCHOOL.

13

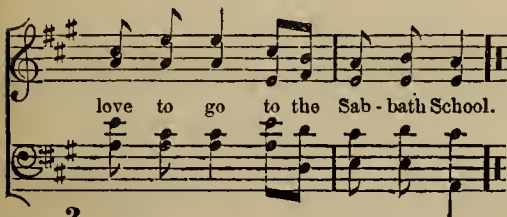
Old melody originally arranged by Prof. J. W. FERRER.



1. The Sabbath School's a place of prayer, I love to meet my teachers there; They teach me there that



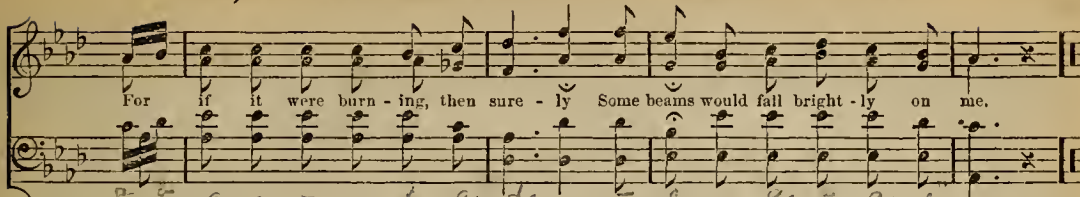
CHORUS.
eve - ry one May find in heav'n a hap - py home. I love to go, I love to go, I



love to go to the Sab - bath School.

2. 'Tis there I learn the wondrous plan,
Contrived to save rebellious man;
How Christ his life a ransom gave,
For sinful me,—my soul to save.—*Chorus.*

3. And when on earth our days are o'er,
We'll meet in heav'n to part no more;
Our teachers kind, we there shall greet,
And oh! what joy 'twill be to meet
Chorus. In heav'n above, in heav'n above,
In heav'n above to part no more.



For if it were burn - ing, then sure - ly Some beams would fall bright - ly on me.

a a - - - a d - - - e - a - a e

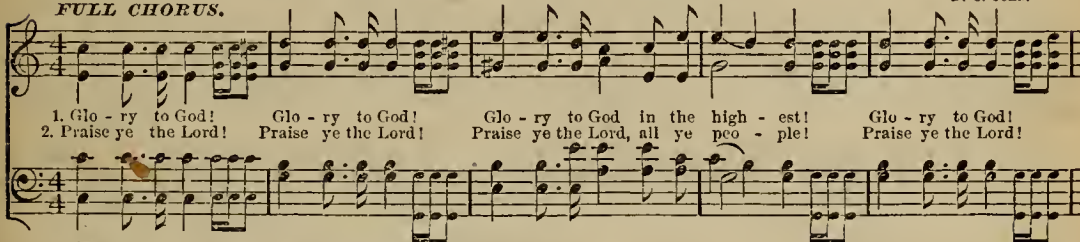
4. Though straight is the road, yet they falter,
And often fall out by the way;
Then lift your lamp higher, my brother,
Lest they should make fatal delay.—*Chorus.*

5. If every lamp were now burning,
The mists would soon vanish away;
The earth would laugh out in her gladness,
And hail the millennial day.—*Chorus.*

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

D. C. JOHN.

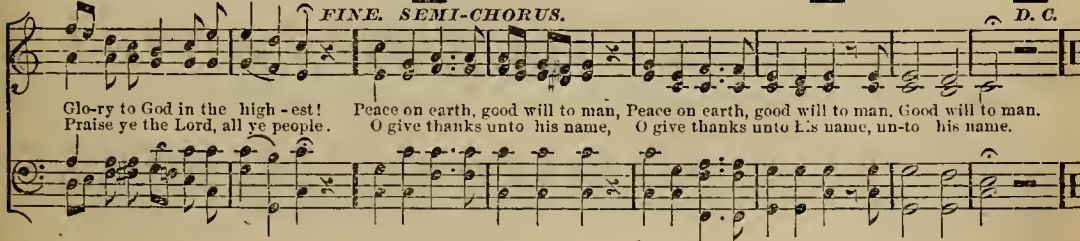
FULL CHORUS.



1. Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Glo - ry to God!
2. Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the Lord, all ye peo - ple! Praise ye the Lord!

FINE. SEMI-CHORUS.

D. C.



Glo-ry to God in the high - est! Peace on earth, good will to man, Peace on earth, good will to man, Good will to man.
Praise ye the Lord, all ye people. O give thanks unto his name, O give thanks unto his name, un-to his name.

PRAISE IN THE FOREST.

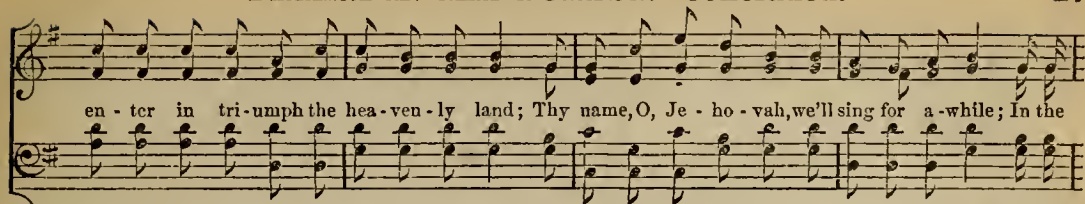
Arranged from REV. DWIGHT WILLIAMS' Poem on Round Lake Camp meeting.

D. C. JOHN.

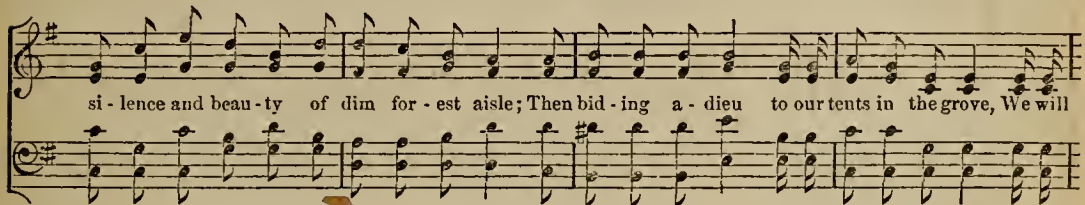
1. Ci-ty of wor-ship, roy-al and fair, Rest of the Pil-grims, hallow'd with pray'r; Under the shade of oak and of
 2. Here the green arches span the dim aisles, And the bright sunshine pictures its smiles; There is a rapture sweeter than

pine, Incense ascends from many a shrine; Nature's Cathedral, solemn and dim, Grand is the worship and sweet is the
 this, Jesus is shining, Love is the bliss; Up through the shadows, Faith, like a star, Shines thro' the gateway now standing a-

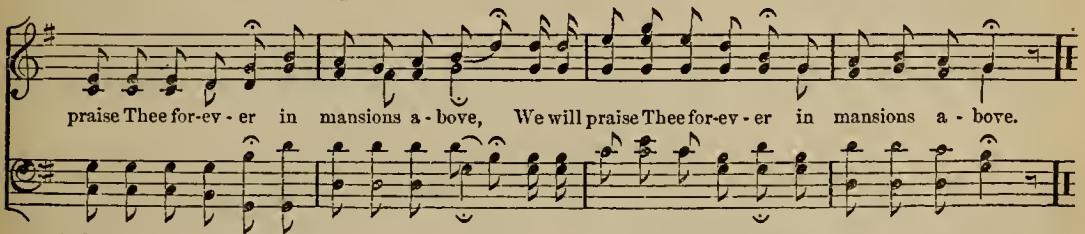
hymn, Grand is the worship and sweet is the hymn. O, safe at the por-tal at last may we stand, And
 jar, Shines thro' the gateway now standing a-jar. O, safe, etc.



en - ter in tri-umph the hea-ven-ly land; Thy name, O, Je - ho - vah, we'll sing for a - while; In the



si - lence and beau-ty of dim for - est aisle; Then bid - ing a - dieu to our tents in the grove, We will



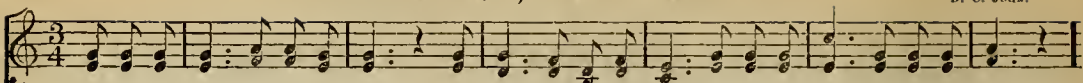
praise Thee for-ev - er in mansions a - bove, We will praise Thee for-ev - er in mansions a - bove.

3. Visions of glory sweetly descend,
City of beauty, life without end;
Sin and temptation gone evermore,
Greeting the lov'd ones on a bright shore;
Palaces golden, avenues long,
Mansions resounding forever with song.— *Chorus.*

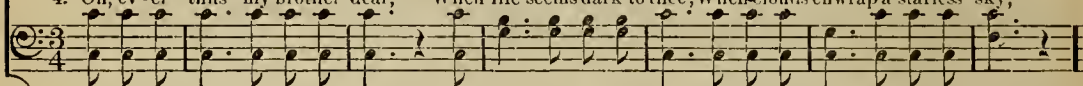
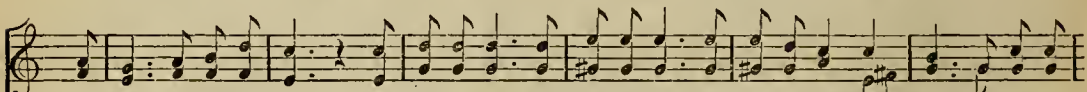
3. City above us, city below,
May not the angels pass to and fro;
Under these arches may they not walk,
Fondly look on us, lovingly talk?
Nearer and dearer, may we not know
Jesus our brother, is with us below?— *Chorus.*

"FEAR NOT, FOR IT IS I."

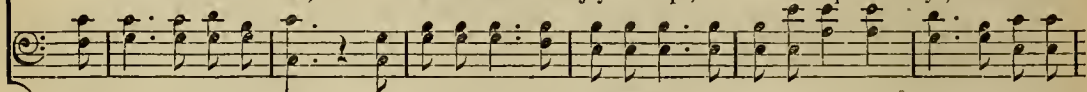
D. C. JOHN.



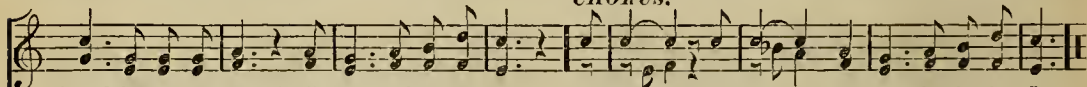
1. The lone and toil - ing voy - a - gers, Whose bark was on the sea, When night hung dark above the wave,
2. The dearest, tru - est friend on earth, In that dark hour of gloom, Seem'd some pale phantom come to tell
3. 'Tis oft - en thus with voya - gers A - cross lifes stormy main, Who strive to stem its rushing tide,
4. Oh, ev - er thus my brother dear, When life seems dark to thee; When clouds enwrap a starless sky,


Of storm - y Gal - li - lee, In - ter - rogaz'd on what they then But dim - ly could des - cry, Un - til they
A dire, and dreadful doom; And then from each affrighted lip, There burst the trembling ery, That naught could
Yet seem to strive in vain; The waves are white with spectral foam, And darkly frowns the sky, Till some sweet
And storms are on the sea; In fear - less faith and joy - ful hope, To Christ lift up thine eye, And heed the



CHORUS.

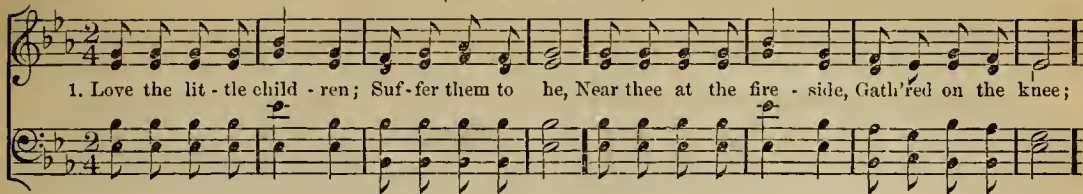


heard those cheering words, "Fear not, for it is I" Fear not, Fear not, Fear not, for it is I.
still but those sweet words, "Fear not, for it is I" Fear not, etc.
voice speaks soft from home, "Fear not, for it is I" Fear not, etc.
gen - tle voice that says, "Fear not, for it is I" Fear not, etc.

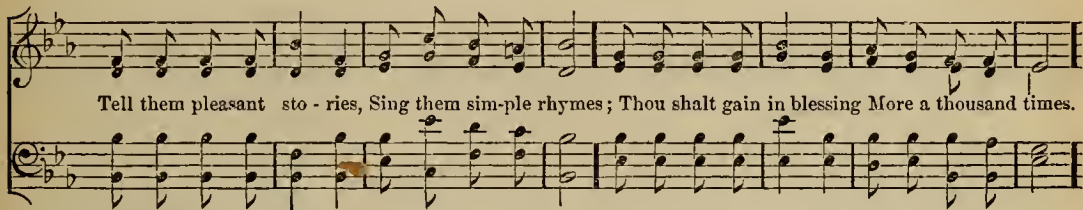


LOVE THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

(For the Little Ones.)

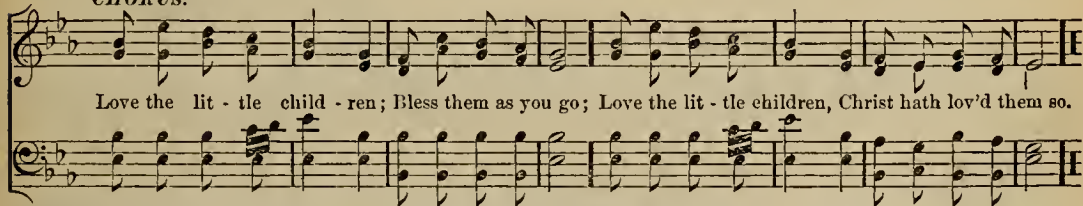


1. Love the lit - tle child - ren; Suf - fer them to be, Near thee at the fire - side, Gath'ed on the knee;



Tell them pleasant sto - ries, Sing them sim - ple rhymes; Thou shalt gain in blessing More a thousand times.

CHORUS.



Love the lit - tle child - ren; Bless them as you go; Love the lit - tle children, Christ hath lov'd them so.

- | | | | |
|--|--|--|--|
| 2. Love the little children;
Thorny is the way,
Tender feet must travel
Many a weary day; | Help them up the pathway,
Save them from the snares;
Thou art walking nearer
Angels unawares.— <i>Chorus.</i> | 3. Love the little children;
Lonely is the home,
Where their lightsome footsteps
Never-more may come, | Where their happy voices
Sound no more in song,
And the haunting echo
Mourneth all day long.— <i>Cho.</i> |
|--|--|--|--|

Andante.

1. One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er, 'Tis that I'm nearer home to-day, Than e'er I've been before ;

'Tis that I'm near-er home to - day, Than e'er I've been be-fore.

2. Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be ;
:: Nearer the solemn judgment throne,
Nearer the jasper sea. ::
3. Nearer the bound where life
Shall lay its burdens down ;
:: Where I shall leave my ill-borne cross,
And take my blood-bought crown. ::
4. Oh, perfect then my trust,
Confirm my feeble faith,
:: And teach me fearlessly to stand
Upon the shore of death. ::

Words by
WILLIAM HUNTER, D. D.

THE EVERGREEN SHORE.

D. C. JOHN.

1. We are joy - ons - ly voyag - - ing ov - er the main, Bound for the ev - er - green shore ;
2. We have noth - ing to fear from the wind and the wave, Un - der our Savior's com - mand ;

Where th' in-hab - i - tants nev - er of sick - ness com-plain, And fear the dread mon - ster no more.
And our hearts, in the midst of the dan - gers are brave, For Je - sus will bring us to land.

CHORUS.

Then let the hur - ri - cane roar, It will the soon - er be o'er; We will weather the blast

And we'll land at last, Safe on the ev - er-green shore.

3. Both the winds and the waves our commander controls;
Nothing can baffle his skill;
And his voice when the thundering hurricane rolls,
Can make the loud tempests be still.

—Ch.

4. Let the high-heaving billow and mountainous wave
Fearfully overhead break;
There is one by our side that can comfort and save,
There's one who will never forsake.

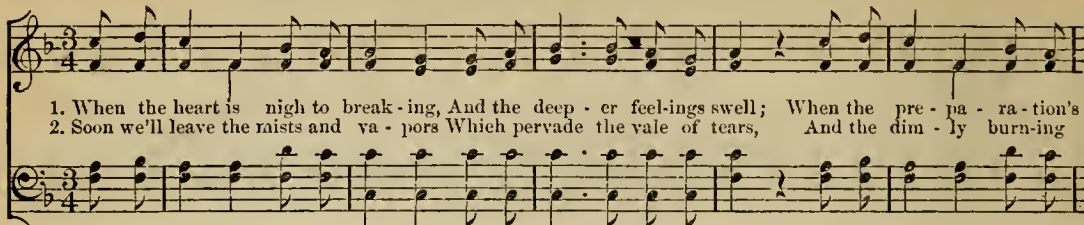
—Ch.

* The high notes should be omitted, except when sung by choirs.

"WHEN THE HEART IS NIGH TO BREAKING."

Words arranged from REV. C. C. BDELL.

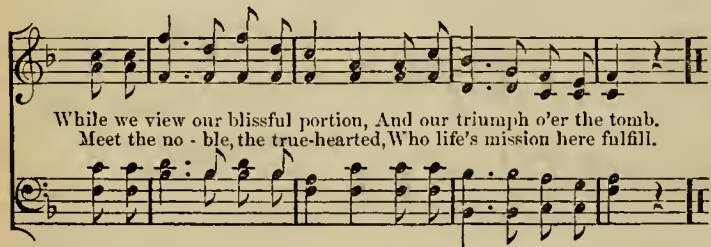
D. C. JOHN.



1. When the heart is nigh to break - ing, And the deep - er feel - ings swell; When the pre - pa - ra - tion's
2. Soon we'll leave the mists and va - pors Which pervade the vale of tears, And the dim - ly burn - ing



mak - ing For a fin - al, sad farewell, Je - sus calms the deep emo - tion, And dispels the hea - vy gloom,
tapers, That but mock our hopes and fears; We shall meet our lov'd departed, When life's weary wheels stand still;



While we view our blissful portion, And our triumph o'er the tomb,
Meet the no - ble, the true - hearted, Who life's mission here fulfill.

3.

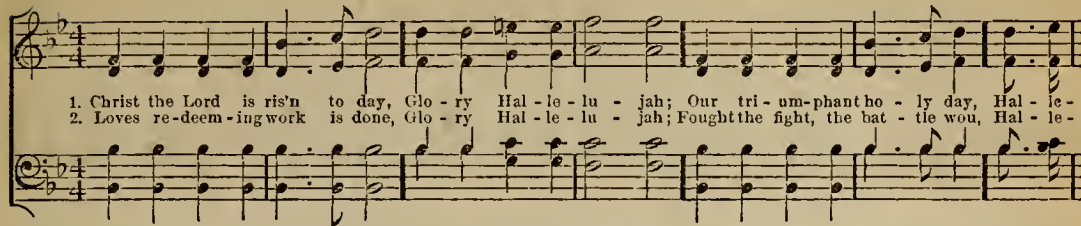
There we'll join the guardian angels
Who have piloted our way;
And the Lord's ordained evangels
Who have taught us not to stray.
We will fill the mansions glorious
With the voice of praises due;
Raise to Jesus, all victorious
Sweetest strains forever new.

EASTER SONG.

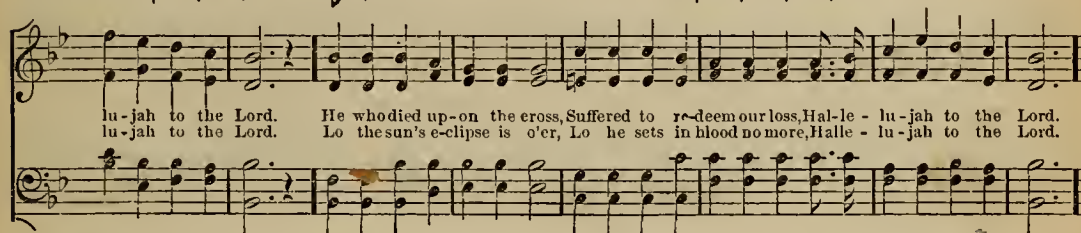
D. C. JOHN.

23

"But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept."—(1 COR. xv. 20.)

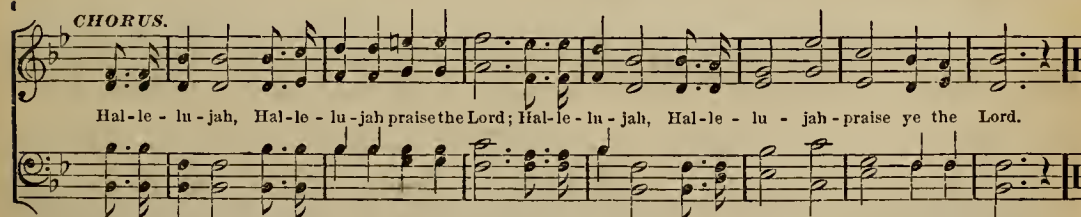


1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to day, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah; Our tri - um - phant ho - ly day, Hal - le -
 2. Loves re - deem - ing work is done, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah; Fought the fight, the bat - tle wou, Hal - le -



lu - jah to the Lord. He who died up - on the cross, Suffered to re - deem our loss, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lord.
 lu - jah to the Lord. Lo the sun's e - clipse is o'er, Lo he sets in blood no more, Halle - lu - jah to the Lord.

CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah praise the Lord; Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah - praise ye the Lord.

3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Christ has burst the gates of bell;
 Death in vain forbids his rise,
 Christ hath opened Paradise,

4. Lives again our glorious King!
 Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
 Once he died our souls to save,
 Where's thy victory, heasting grave?

5. Soar we now where Christ has led,
 Follow our exalted head;
 Made like him, like him we rise,
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies,

RINGING, SWEETLY RINGING.

D. O. JOHN.

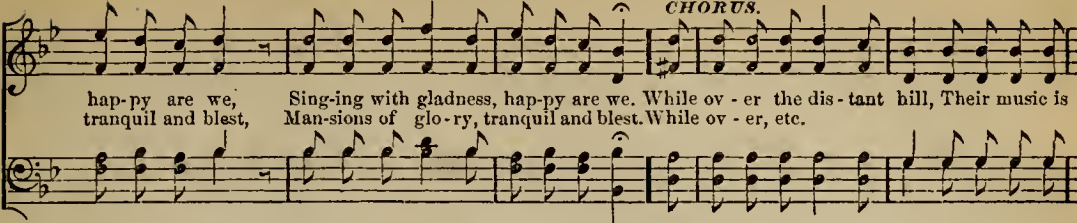
Allegretto.

1. Ring-ing, sweetly ring - ing, The cheer-ful Sab-bath bells; Ring-ing, sweetly ring - ing, The
2. Ring-ing, sweetly ring - ing, Their sil - ver chimes we love; Ring-ing, sweetly ring - ing, Their

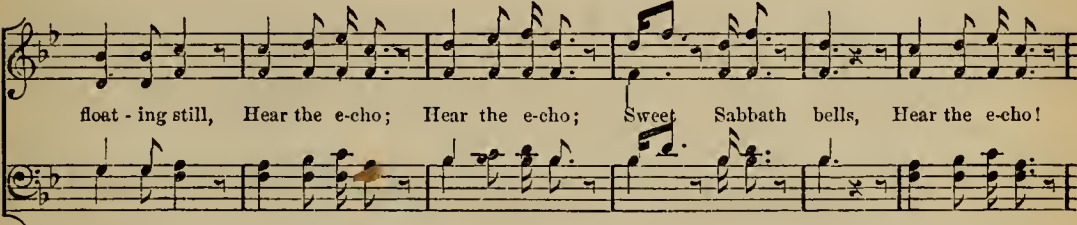
cheer-ful Sab-bath bells; We lin - ger a mo - ment their call to hear, Then haste a -
sil - ver chimes we love; A mis - sion of peace to the heart they bear, A wel - come

way to our School so dear, Ov - er the greenwood joy - ous and free, Sing-ing with gladness,
call to the house of pray'r, Tell-ing of rap - ture, tell-ing of rest, . Mansions of glo - ry,

CHORUS.



hap-py are we, Sing-ing with gladness, hap-py are we. While ov - er the dis - tant hill, Their music is
tranquil and blest, Man-sions of glo-ry, tranquil and blest. While ov - er, etc.



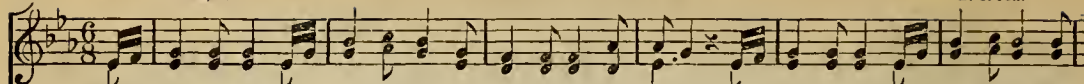
float - ing still, Hear the e-cho; Hear the e-cho; Sweet Sabbath bells, Hear the e-cho!



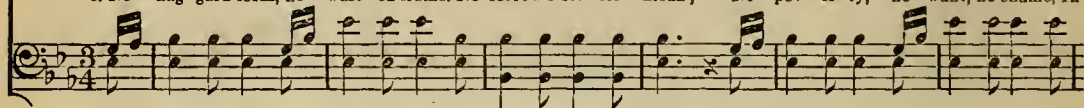
Hear the e-cho! Sweet Sabbath bells.

3.

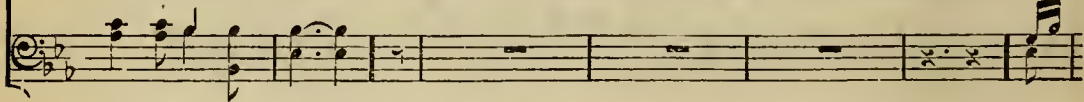
∴ Ringing, sweetly ringing,
Those cheerful Sabbath bells; ∴
Oh, let us be grateful to God above,
Who crowns our days with his light and love.
Blessed Redeemer, ever to thee,
Praise from thy children, offered shall be.—
Chorus.—While over the distant hill, etc.



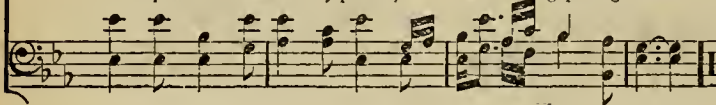
1. There is a riv - er, deep and dark, And ter - ri - ble and wld; But fear not pilgrim, launch thy bark Up -
 2. Per - pet - ual sum - mer, bland, se - rene, Or stir'd by balmyest gales, Breathe o - ver all those hills of green, O'er
 8. No hag - gard form, no wast - ed frame. No sorrow's bit - ter moan; No pov - er - ty, no want, no shame, In

*Duct.*

on its mys - tie tide. Be - yond, up - on the oth - er strand, Unseen by mor - tal eye, The
 all those blooming vales. From mountains to their leaf - y crown, Adorn'd with ver - nal glow, Ten
 that bright realm is known. But radiant throngs, with harps and palms, In youth's perpetual bloom; Tri -



far - fam'd hills of glo - ry land, In E - den bean - ty lie
 thou - sand sparkling rills leap down To lave the plains be - low.
 um - phant chant their holy psalms, Nor fear the gap - ing tomb.



4.

Far off upon a crested height,
 To faith's more potent eyes,
 The towers of God in mellow light,
 And royal grandeur rise.
 Why should we mourn our kindred gone
 To people realms so fair?
 Their footsteps we but follow on,
 Their sunny home to share.

JESUS LET THY PITYING EYE.

D. C. Jony.

27

"And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter, . . . and he went out and wept bitterly."—(LUKE, xxii, 61, 62.)

Tenderly,

f

1. Je - sus let thy pity - ing eye, Call back thy wand'-ring sheep; False to thee, like
2. Sa - vior Prince en - thron'd a - bove, Re - pent - ance to im - part; Give me through thy
3. For thine own com - pas - sion's sake, The gra - cious won - der show; Cast my sins be -

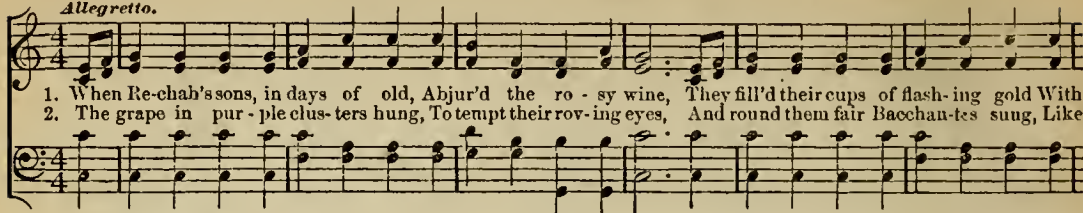
Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter weep. Let me be by grace restor'd, On me be all long
dy - ing love, The hum - ble, con - trite heart. Give what I have long implored, A por - tion of thy
bind my back, And wash me white as snow. If thy bow - els now are stirr'd, If now I do my -

suff - 'ring shown; Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
grief un-known; Turn, and look, etc.
self be-moan. Turn, and look, etc.

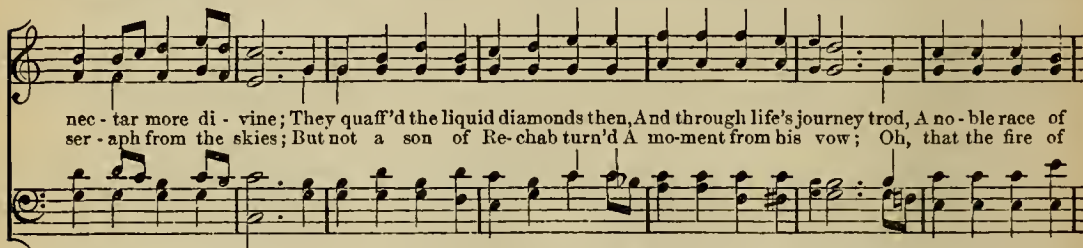
TEMPERANCE SONG.

D. C. JOHN.

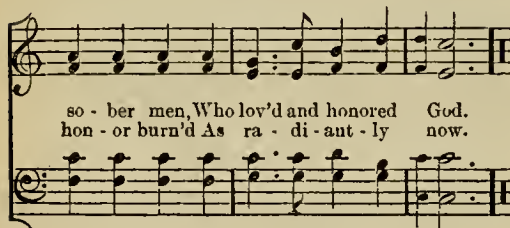
For Jonadab, the son of Rechab, . . . commanded us, saying, Ye shall drink no wine, ye, nor your sons, forever: (JER. XXXV. 6.)

Allegretto.


1. When Re-chab's sons, in days of old, Abjur'd the ro - sy wine, They fill'd their cups of flash - ing gold With
2. The grape in pur - ple clus - ters hung, To tempt their rov - ing eyes, And round them fair Bacchan - tes sung, Like



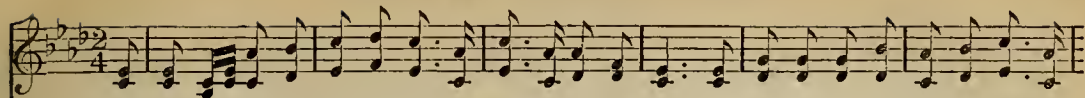
nec - tar more di - vine; They quaff'd the liquid diamonds then, And through life's journey trod, A no - ble race of
ser - aph from the skies; But not a son of Re-chab turn'd A mo - ment from his vow; Oh, that the fire of



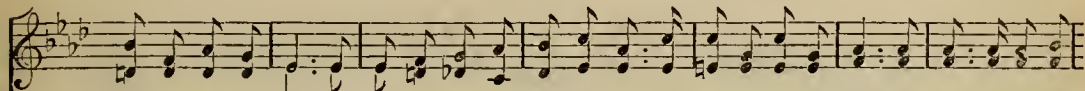
so - ber men, Who lov'd and honored God.
hon - or burn'd As ra - di - ant - ly now.

3. Brave conquerors of appetite!
Your clear heads reasoned well;
The road could never lead aright
Where Lot and Noah fell.
All honor, then, to those who broke
The fetters of the vine!
All honor to the men who spoke
The banishment of wine!

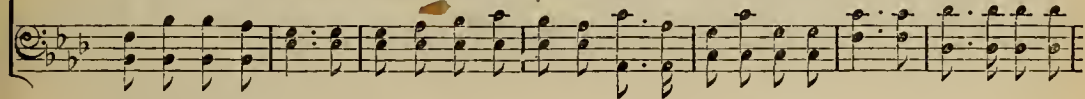
4. Brave men of old! the world shall own
The greatness of your fame,
And o'er the drunkard's reeling throne
Shall blazon Rechab's name;
Our men your words shall ne'er forget,
As custom's chain they sever,
And Adam's race shall echo yet,
"We drink no more forever."



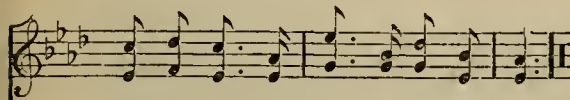
1. Sup - pose a lit - tle twinkling star, A - way in yon - der sky, Should say, "What light can reach so far, From
2. Sup - pose a bright green leaf that grows, Up - on the rose-bush near, Should say, "Because I'm not a rose, I
3. Sup - pose a lit - tle child should say, "Because I'm not a man, I will not try, in work or play, To



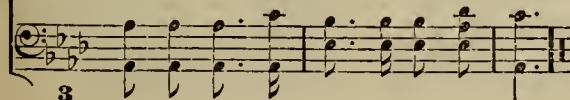
such a star as I? Not ma - ny rays of mine so far As yon - der earth can fall: The oth - ers so much
will not lin - ger here." Or that a dew-drop fresh and bright, Up - on that fragrant flow'r, Should say, "I'll vauish
do what good I can." Dear child, each star some light can give, Through faintly gleaming there; Each rose-leaf helps the



4.



bright-er are, I will not shine at all."
out of sight, Be - cause I'm not a show'r."
plant to live, Each dew - drop keeps it fair.



3

And the Great Father, who is near,
And doth all creatures view,
To every little child has given
Some needful work to do.

Kind deeds toward those with whom you live,
Kind words and actions right,
Shall, 'midst the world's deep darkness, give
A sparkling little light.

1. When great storms of life o'er - take us, When great des-o - la - tions come, When great shoeks of sorrow shake us,
2. When life's waste and win't'ry o - cean Stretches des - o - late, be - fore, Toss-ing wild, in fierce com-mo - tion

When be - reft of friends and home; When from love's communion driven, On life's des - ert, bleak and broad,
Wide be-tween us and the shore; Then like glo - rious sunshine beaming From the op - 'ning sky a - bove,

Strength and joy shall still be given Through the changeless love of God.
Down through all our hearts comes streaming God's eternal, quenchless love.

3. When we yield up all for Jesus,
When all earthly friends disown,
When our heavenly Father sees us
Stricken for his sako alone;
All his heart on us is turning,
All his tender mercies move,
All his boundless love is yearning;
What shall conquer such a love?
4. What shall shake our trust deep-founded
On Jehovah's truth and might?
Though with gloom awhile surrounded,
Morn shall break and bring us light.
All our fear and tribulation
Vanish at his sovereign nod;
Lean our hearts for consolation
On the mighty love of God.

1. When shall we stand upon thy shore, O fair and love-ly Ev - er-more? That land for which our spirits yearn, To
 2. Here in this world, we toil and tire, Victims of un - ful-fill'd de-sire; Our life is dark with doubts and fears, Our

which our wea-ry foot-steps turn; There the last hopes of youth await To greet us at the pearl-y gate, And
 eyes are dim with fruitless tears; From year to year we strive in vain, For dreams of glory or of gain, Yet

joys too bright for earth to give, A - mid ce - les - tial glo - ries live.
 when we reach death's narrow tide, Our hands drop empty at our side.

3.

But thou, O blessed evermore,
 Our vanished treasures canst restore;
 Whate'er is good, and true, and pure,
 Thro' countless ages will endure.
 We do not work for time alone,
 If God our efforts will but own;
 From height to height we still shall
 soar,
 In the bright world of evermore.

1. I love to have the Sabbath come, For then I rise and quit my home, And haste to School with cheerful air, To

CHORUS.

meet my dearest teachers there. Then haste, O haste away; Then haste, O haste away, Then haste, O haste to the Sunday School.

2. From all the lessons I obtain,
May I a store of knowledge gain,
And early seek my Savior's face,
And gain from him supplies of grace.—Chorus.

3. And then, through life's remaining days,
I'll love to sing my Savior's praise,
And bless the kindness of his grace,
That brought me to this sacred place.—Chorus.

THE LIVING TEMPLE.

"For ye are the temples of the living God."—(II COR. vi. 16.)

D. C. JOHN.

1. Now I make a full sur-ren-der, All I am or hope to be; Now my gift is on the al-tar, And I'm
2. Long I've tried to serve thee, Savior, With divided heart and mind; Sometimes cloth'd in beauteous garments, Sometimes

Ritard,

waiting, Lord, for thee,
naked, poor and blind;

O let fire from heav'n descending, Show thou dost my gift approve;
I have walked upon the mountain, Breathing loves pure, halmy air; Enter now thy humble
I have wander'd in the

*Ritard.**CHORUS, last half of each stanza.*

tem - ple, Dwell in me, O God of love.
valley, Fill'd with doubt, distress, despair.

O let fire from heav'n d.scending, Show thou dost my gift approve;
I have walk'd up-on the mountain, Breathing loves pure, halmy air;

*Ritard.**1st time.**2d time.*

En - ter now thy hum - ble tem - ple, Dwell in me, O God of love. O God of love.
I have wan - der'd in the val - ley, Fill'd with doubt, dis - tress, des - pair. dis - tress, des - pair.

3. Shall my joys be thus inconstant,
All along life's weary way?
Light and shadow interchanging,
Till I reach eternal day?
Let me now on faith's strong pilons,
To that blissful realm arise,
Where the soul is filled with sunshine,
E'en when clouds obscure the skies.—*Chorus.*—Let me now, etc.

4. Oh! I can endure no longer
E'er to be estranged from thee;
Be. O Savior, my companion,
While I'm toss'd on life's rough sea;
In the veil I cast my anchor,
When the angry billows roar;
Here I'll rest, 'mid wild commotion,
Rest securely, evermore.—*Chorus.*—In the veil, etc.

BEYOND THE SUNSET.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Sha-dowso'er the vale are creeping, And the sun sinks to his rest; Twi-light draws her cur-tains soft-ly,
2. Time is fleet-ing, and I'm draw-ing, Near the sun-set of my life; Soon will end my wea-ry jour-ney,

Gold-en clouds haug in the west; Hush'd the noise of bu-sy la-bor, Toil has sought its wonted rest;
Soon will cease all toil and strife; Shadows o'er my path are fall-ing, Earthly vi-sions fade a-way;

Whisp'ring trees and murm'ring streamlets Sweetly soothe each troubled breast, Sweetly soothe each troubled breast.
Voi-ces, soft and sweet, are tell-ing Of an end-less o-rient day, Of an end-less o-rient day.

1. Hail beauteous bow of heav'n! To thee no cord is giv'n To spring thy curve; Tow'rd heav'n thy bow is bent, On

heav'n thy strength is spent, Thine arch was nev-er meant A dart to serve.

3. Dark though the clouds appear,
Bright is thy radiant cheer,
Just as in life,
When storms of trouble rise,
Hope spans the gloomy skies,
And scattered darkness flies,
And yields the strife.

4. On thy prismatic face,
Jehovah's saving grace,
Appears in sight;
God's covenant with man,
Adorns thy graceful span,
And loves redeeming plan,
Dawns in thy light.

2
Thou gem, set in the cloud!
Pure and serene, while loud
The thunders roar;
Fit monument divine,
God's everlasting sign
Of peace to all mankind,
The wide world o'er.

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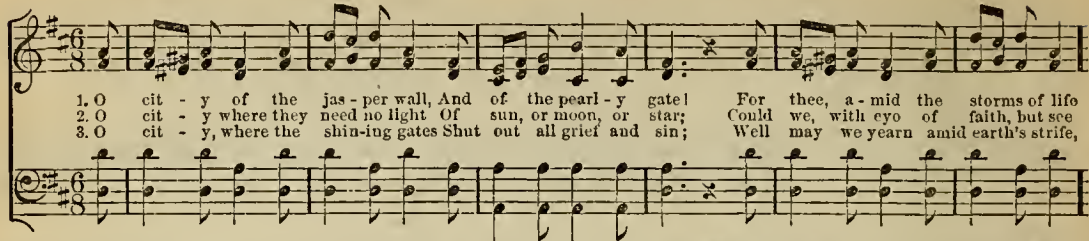
3. O'er the misty mountains hastens
One I've waited long to see;
Soft as night-dew falls on meadows,
His kind bidding, "Come to me,"
Lo! the purple light of evening,
Stealing gently up the sky,
Bears me on its wings to meet him,
Is this death? 'Tis sweet to die. :|:

4. Jesus calls me, and I'm going,
Where the shadows never come;
Now the desert lies behind me,
And I hasten to my home.
To my home beyond the sunset,
Far beyond the day's decline;
Where the glory is unfading,
:|: Where the golden portals shine. :|:

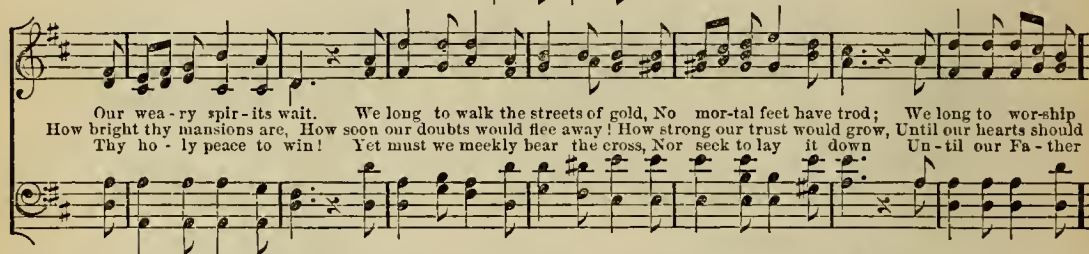
36 Words from "Young Pilgrim," "O CITY OF THE JASPER WALL."

D. C. JOHN.

"And the building of the wall of it was of Jasper : . . . and the twelve gates were twelve pearls.—REV. xxi, 18, 21.

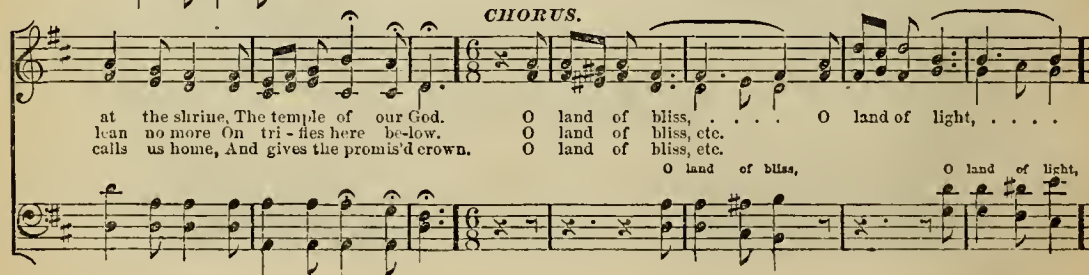


1. O cit - y of the jas - per wall, And of the pearl - y gate! For thee, a - mid the storms of life
 2. O cit - y where they need no light Of sun, or moon, or star; Could we, with eye of faith, but see
 3. O cit - y, where the shin - ing gates Shut out all grief and sin; Well may we yearn amid earth's strife,



Our wea - ry spir - its wait. We long to walk the streets of gold, No mor - tal feet have trod; We long to wor - ship
 How bright thy mansions are, How soon our doubts would flee away! How strong our trust would grow, Until our hearts should
 Thy ho - ly peace to win! Yet must we meekly bear the cross, Nor seek to lay it down Un - til our Fa - ther

CHORUS.



at the shrine, The temple of our God. O land of bliss, . . . O land of light, . . .
 lean no more On tri - fles here be - low. O land of bliss, etc.
 calls us home, And gives the promis'd crown. O land of bliss, etc.
 O land of bliss, O land of light,

"O CITY OF THE JASPER WALL."

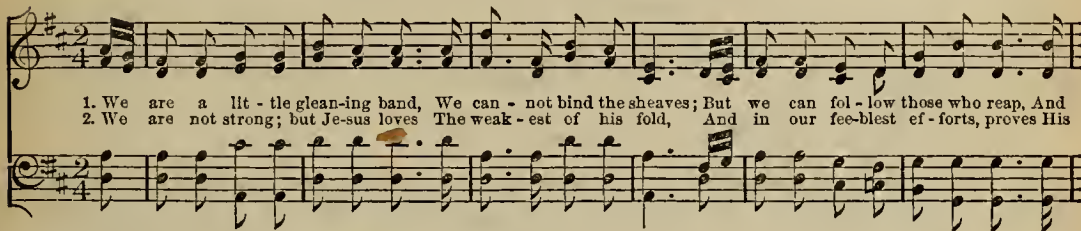
37



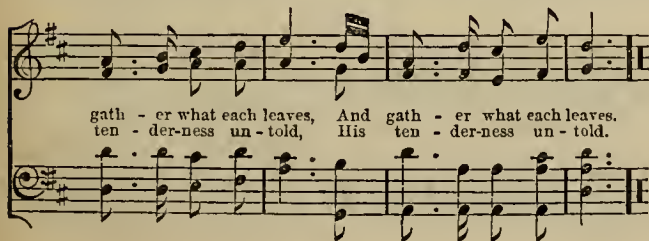
Thou hast no shade nor night; Of ev'ry land the bright-est, best, Thou art our long sought rest.

THE LITTLE GLEANERS.

JOHN R. SWENEY.



1. We are a lit-tle glean-ing band, We can-not bind the sheaves; But we can fol-low those who reap, And
2. We are not strong; but Je-sus loves The weak-est of his fold, And in our fee-blest ef-forts, proves His



gath-er what each leaves, And gath-er what each leaves.
ten-der-ness un-told, His ten-der-ness un-told.

3.

We are not rich; but we can give
As we are passing on,
A cup of water in His name
:|: To some poor, fainting one. :|:

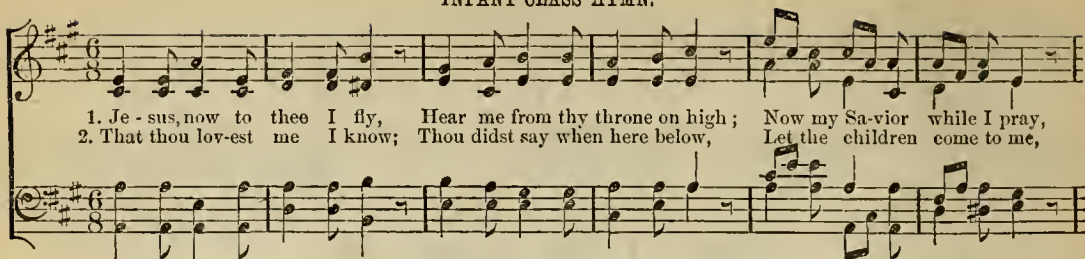
4.

We are not wise; but Christ our Lord
Revealed to babes His will;
And we are sure, from His dear Word
:|: He loves the children still. :|:

CHILD'S PRAYER.

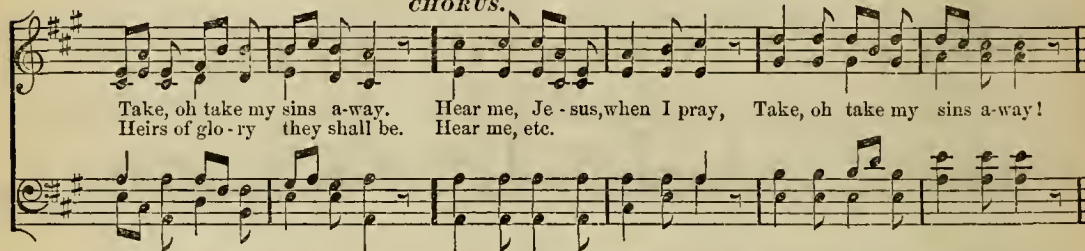
INFANT CLASS HYMN.

D. C. JOHN.

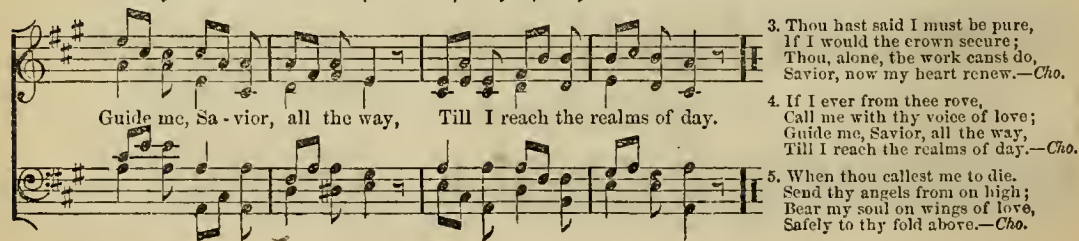


1. Je - sus, now to thee I fly, Hear me from thy throne on high ; Now my Sa - vior while I pray,
2. That thou lov - est me I know; Thou didst say when here below, Let the children come to me,

CHORUS.



Take, oh take my sins a-way. Hear me, Je - sus, when I pray, Take, oh take my sins a-way!
Heirs of glo - ry they shall be. Hear me, etc.



Guide me, Sa - vior, all the way, Till I reach the realms of day.

3. Thou hast said I must be pure,
If I would the crown secure ;
Thou, alone, the work canst do,
Savior, now my heart renew.—*Cho.*

4. If I ever from thee rove,
Call me with thy voice of love;
Guide me, Savior, all the way,
Till I reach the realms of day.—*Cho.*

5. When thou callest me to die,
Send thy angels from on high;
Bear my soul on wings of love,
Safely to thy fold above.—*Cho.*

HEAD OF THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

D. C. JOHN. 39

"Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, . . . be glory and dominion, forever and ever. Amen."—REV. i, 5-6.

In strict time.

1. Head of the church tri - umphant, We joy - ful-ly a - dore thee; Till thou appear thy members here Shall
2. Thou dost con-duct thy peo - ple, Through torrents of temptation; Nor will we fear while thou art near, The

Unison.

sing like those in glo - ry: We lift our hearts and voi - ces, With blest an - ti - ci - pa - tion, And
fire of trib - u - la - tion; The world with sin and Sa - tan, In vain our march op - po - ses; By

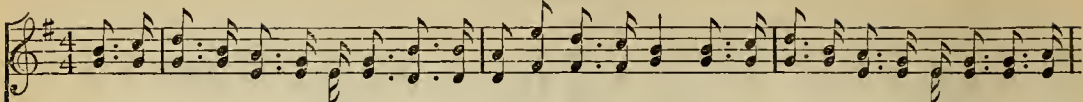
3.

cry a - loud, and give to God The praise of our salva - tion.
thee, we shall break through them all, And sing the song of Moses.

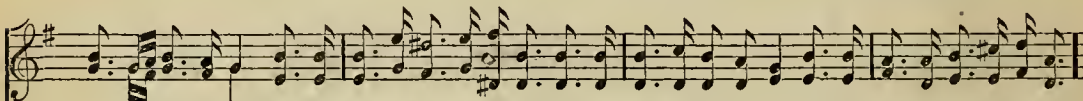
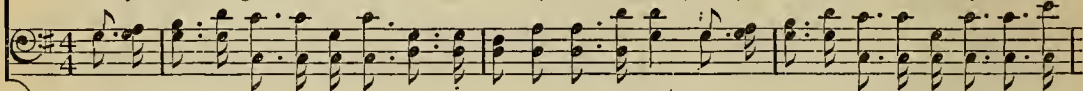
By faith we see the glory
To which thou wilt restore us;
The cross despise for that high prize
Which thou dost set before us;
And if accounted worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand, at God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

IF YOU CANNOT ON THE OCEAN.

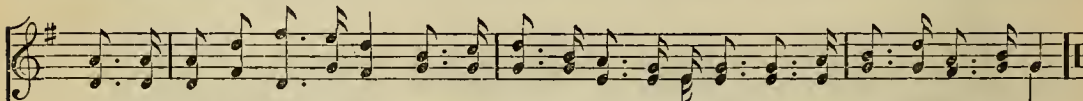
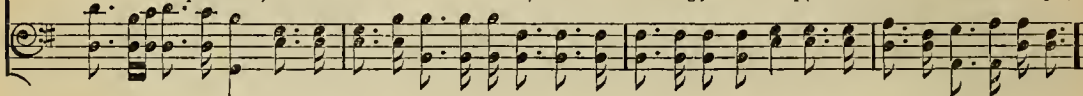
Arranged by D. C. J.



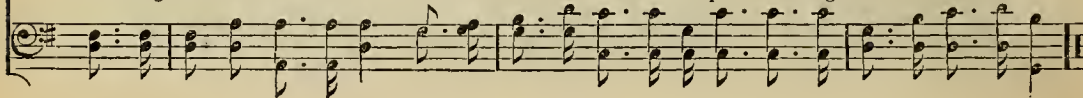
1. If you can - not on the o - cean, Sail a - mong the swift - est fleet, Rock - ing on the high - est hil - lows, Laughing
 2. If you are to weak to journey, Up the mountain steep and high, You can stand with - in the val - ley, While tho
 3. If you have not gold and sil - ver Ev - er rea - dy to command; If you can - not tow'rd the needy Reach an



at the storms you meet; You can stand among the sailors, Anchor'd yet within the bay; You can lend a hand to help them,
 mul - ti - tude go by; You can chant in hap - py measure, As they slow - ly pass a - long; Though they may forget the slinger
 ev - er o - pen hand; You can vis - it the afflicted; O'er the er - ring you can weep; You can be a true dis - ci - ple,



As they launch their boats a - way. You can lend a hand to help them, As they launch their boats a - way.
 They will not for - get the song. Though they may for - get the sing - er, They will not for - get the song.
 Sit - ting at the Sa - vior's feet. You can be a true dis - ci - ple Sit - ting at the Sa - vior's feet.



"O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me." (ISA. xli. 1.)

1. Oh, how hap - py are they Who their Sa - vior o - bey, And have laid up their treasures a - bove; Tongue can never ex -
 2. That sweet comfort was mine, When the fa - vor di - vine, I received through the blood of the lamb; When my heart first be -

press The sweet comfort and peace, Of a soul in its ear - li - est love, Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.
 lieved What a joy I re - ceived, What a hea - ven in Je - sus - 's name, What a hea - ven in Je - sus - 's name.

3. 'Twas a heaven below,
 My Redeemer to know,
 And the angels could nothing more do,
 Than to fall at his feet,
 And the story repeat,
 And the lover of sinners adore.

4. Oh, the rapturous height,
 Of that holy delight,
 Which I felt in the life giving blood;
 Of my Savior possessed,
 I was perfectly blessed,
 As if filled with the fullness of God.

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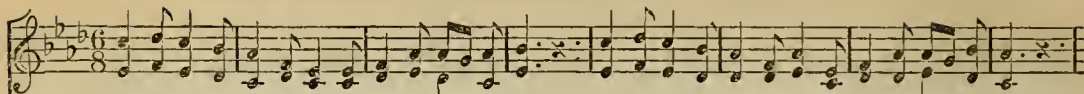
4. If you cannot in the harvest
 Garner up the richest sheaves,
 Many a grain both ripe and golden
 Will the careless reapers leave;
 Go and glean among the briers,
 Growing rank against the wall,
 For it may be that their shadows
 Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

5. If you cannot in the conflict
 Prove yourself a soldier true—
 If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
 There's no work for you to do;
 When the battle-field is silent,
 You can go with careful tread,
 You can bear away the wounded,
 You can cover up the dead.

6. Do not, then, stand idly waiting,
 For some greater work to do:
 Fortune is a lazy goddess—
 She will never come to you,
 Go and toil in any vineyard,
 Do not fear to do or dare;
 If you want a field of labor,
 You can find it anywhere..

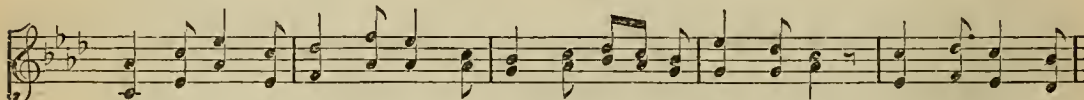
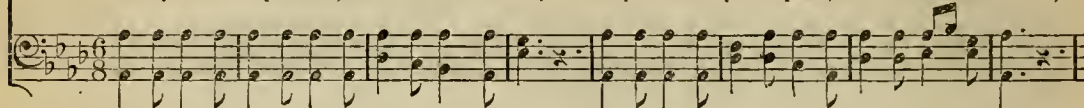
LORD, AND IS THINE ANGER GONE?

D. C. JOHN.

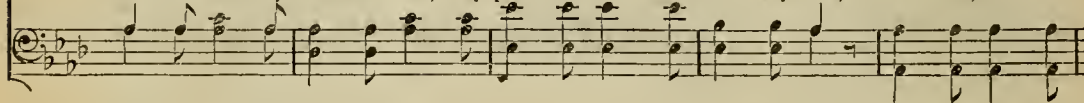
"He will not always chide, neither will he keep his anger forever."—(PSALM ciii. 9.)

1. Lord, and is thine anger gone, And art thou pacified?
 2. See my ut - ter helplessness, And leave me not alone;

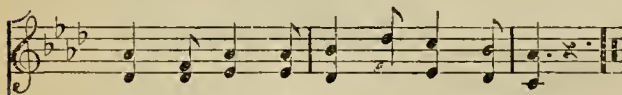
Af - ter all that I have done, Dost thou no longer chide?
 O preserve in perfect peace, And seal me for thine own;



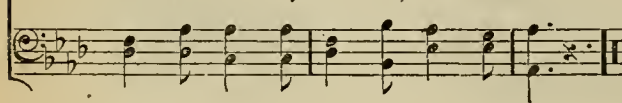
Let thy love my heart constrain, And all my rest - less pas - sions sway; Keep me lest I
 More and more thy - self re - veal, Thy pres - ence let me al - ways find; Com - fort, and con -



3.



turn a - gain Out of the nar - row way.
 firm and heal My fee - ble, sin - sick mind.

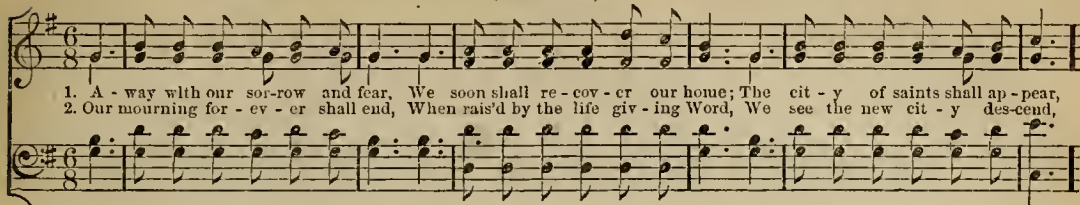


As the apple of thine eye,
 Thy weakest servant keep;
 Help me at thy feet to lie,
 And there forever weep.
 Tears of joy my eyes o'rflo,
 That I have any hope of heaven;
 Much of love I ought to know,
 For I have much forgiven.

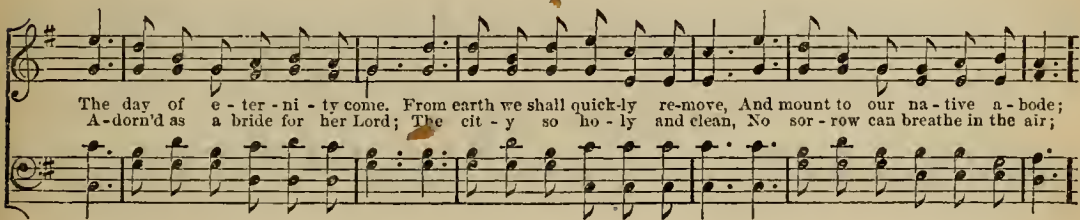
AWAY WITH OUR SORROW AND FEAR.

D. C. JOHN. 43

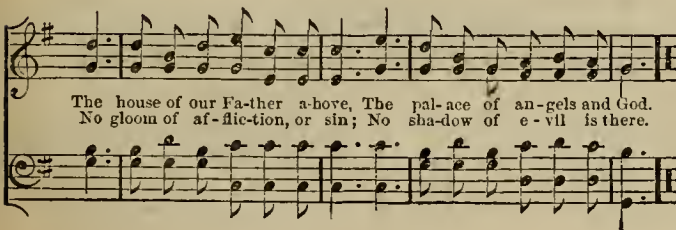
"And I, John, saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband."—
(REV. xxi. 2.)



1. A - way with our sor-row and fear, We soon shall re-cov-er our home; The cit-y of saints shall ap-pear,
2. Our mourning for-ev-er shall end, When rais'd by the life giv-ing Word, We see the new cit-y des-cend,



The day of e-ter-ni-ty come. From earth we shall quick-ly re-move, And mount to our na-tive a-bode;
A-dorn'd as a bride for her Lord; The cit-y so ho-ly and clean, No sor-row can breathe in the air;

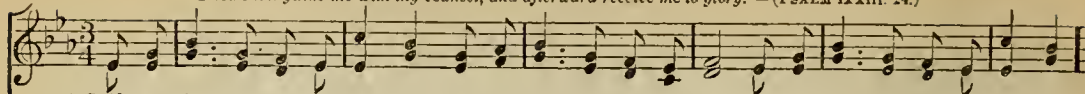


The house of our Fa-ther a-bove, The pal-ace of an-gels and God.
No gloom of af-flic-tion, or sin; No sha-dow of e-vil is there.

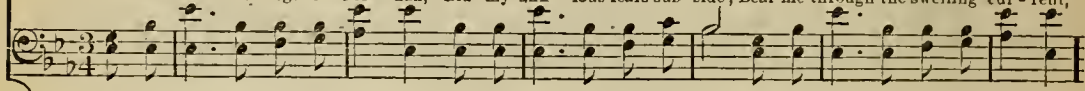
3.

By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here;
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal, her buildings are clear.
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

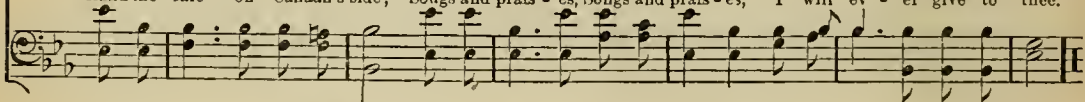
"Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."—(PSALM lxxiii. 24.)



1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim through this barren land; I am weak but thou art might-y,
 2. Op - en now the crys-tal fount - ain, Whence the heal-ing wa-ters flow; Let the fi' - ry, cloud-y, pil - lar,
 3. When I tread the verge of Jer - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub-side; Bear me through the swelling cur - rent,



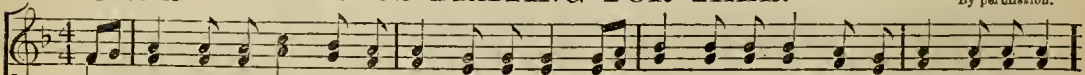
Guide me by thy pow'r-ful hand. Bread of hea - ven, bread of hea - ven, Feed me till I want no more.
 Lead me all my jour-ney through: Strong De-liv' - rer, Strong De-liv' - rer, Be thou still my strength and shield.
 Land me safe on Canaan's side; Songs and prais - es, Songs and prais - es, I will ev - er give to thee.



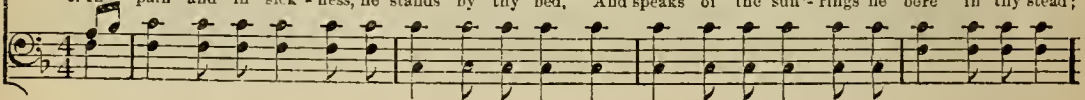
Words by
 Mrs. M. A. W. COOKE.

"HE IS PRAYING FOR THEE."

J. H. TENNEY.
 By permission.



1. Oh, thought full of sweet - ness, to those that be-lieve; Tho' com-forts of earth may de-part and de-ceive,
 2. O'er ev' - ry temp-ta - tion thy tri-umph is sure, The grace he has prom-ised shall make thee en-dure;
 3. In pain and in sick - ness, he stands by thy bed, And speaks of the suf-f' - rings he bore in thy stead;



HE IS PRAYING FOR THEE. Concluded.

45

‘ - mid des - o - la - tion there's somewhere to flee; Re - mem - ber thy Sa - vior is pray - ing for thee.
 Tho' strong are thy fet - ters, thou yet shalt be free; Thru' Je - sus thy Sa - vior, who pray - eth for thee.
 That night in the gar - den, that day on the tree! Re - mem - ber thy Sa - vior is pray - ing for thee.

CHORUS.

For thee, he is pray - ing for thee, Thy Sa - vior is pray - ing for thee, In af -
 for thee, for thee,

flic - tion, temp - ta - tion, in sor - row, or fear. Re - mem - ber thy Sa - vior is pray - ing for thee.

4. And what if death's shadows should deepen around?
 There's One to go with thee the gospel has found;
 Far down the dark valley and over the sea,
 Remember, thy Saviour is praying for thee.—*Chorus.*

5. When suns shall have vanish'd, no longer to shine,
 Assurance of glory, believer, is thine;
 When earth has departed, how blissful to see
 The face of thy Saviour, who prayeth for thee.—*Chorus.*

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

JOHN R. SWENEY.

Hail glo-ri-ous day! the most sub - lime In the e-vent-ful days of time!

When Je-sus left His Fa - ther's throne, To "tread the wine-press" all a - lone.

Come, chil-dren come, . . . to Je - sus sing, . . . And let our
CHORUS,
Come, come children, come, children come, to Je - sus sing, Je-sus sing, And, and let our

CHRISTMAS HYMN. Concluded.

47

tem - ple's arch - es ring! Sing, sing for joy, the

tem - ple, And let our tem - ple's arch - es ring, Sing, sing, sing for joy, sing for joy,

cho - rus swell, The Sa - vior

the cho - rus, swell, chorus swell, The Sa - vior comes with man to dwell.

2.

Hail, Son of God! like Magi we
In homage come to bow the knee;
Thy star appears to guide our way,
And BETHLEHEM we seek to-day.—*Chorus.*

3.

Behold the Babe! His manger-bed!
And mark the glory round His head!
'Tis Zion's King—th' incarnate Son—
The Prince of Peace—the Mighty One!—*Chorus.*

4.

Oh, wondrous love! oh, grace divine!
When Christ put on a form like mine!
To make atonement for my sin,
That I a fadeless crown may win.—*Chorus.*

5.

Hail, Advent day! full-orbed with light,
Thy beams will scatter nature's night—
The angel's song—"Good will to men,"
Shall echo through the earth again.—*Chorus.*

HAIL, THOU ONCE DESPISED JESUS.

D. O. JOHN.

"Wherefore God hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name."—(PHIL. ii. 9.)

1. Hail, thou once des-pis - ed Je - sus, Hail, thou Gal - i - lo - an king! Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us,
 2. Je - sus hail enthron'd in glo - ry, There for-ev - er to a - hide; All the heav'nly hosts a - dore thee,

Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring. Hail, thou ag - on - iz - ing Sa - vior, Bear - er of our sin and shame!
 Seat - ed at thy Fa - ther's side; There for sin - ners thou art pleading, There thou dost our place pre - pare;

By thy mer - its, we find fa - vor, Life is giv - en through thy name.
 Ev - er for us in - ter - ced - ing, Till in glo - ry we ap - pear.

3.

Worship, honor, power and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive;
 Loudest praises without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give.
 Help, ye bright, angelic spirits,
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
 Help to sing our Savior's merits,
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

1. { There stands a Rock, on shores of time, That rears to Heav'n its head sublime;
That Rock is cleft, and they are blest, Who find with-in this cleft a rest.

1st time. *2d time.*

CHORUS.

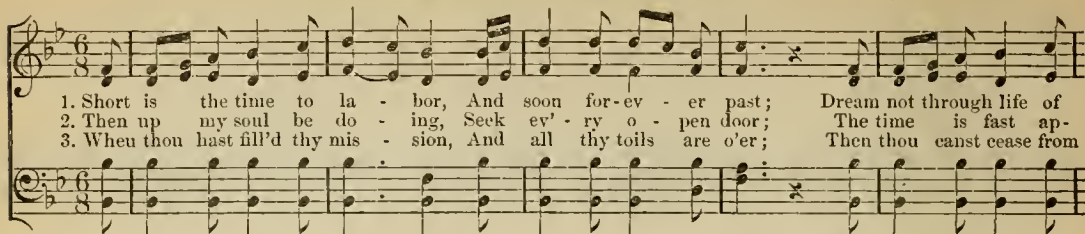
Some build their hopes on the ev - er shift-ing sand, Some on their fame, or their treasure, or their land.

Mine's on a Rock that for - ev - er shall stand, Je - sus, the "Rock of A - ges."

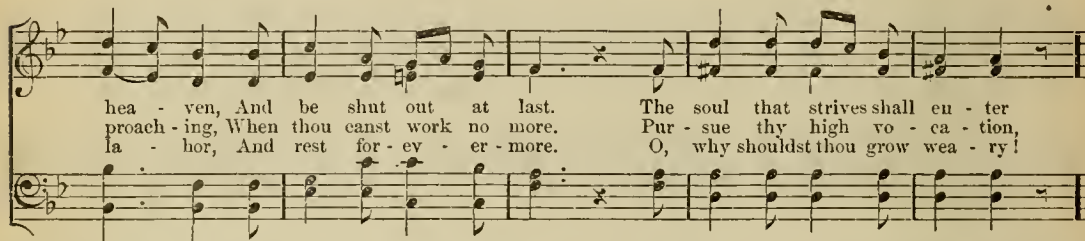
2. That Rock 's a Cross, its arms outspread,
Celestial glory bathes its head;
To its firm base my all I bring,
And to the Cross of Ages cling.—Chorus,

3. That Rock 's a Tower, whose lofty height,
Illumed with Heaven's unclouded light,
Opes wide its gate beneath the dome,
Where saints find rest with Christ at home.—Chorus,

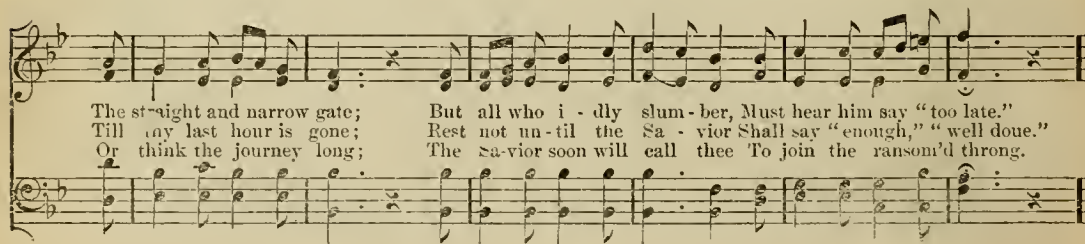
"... He which converteth a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."—(JAMES V. 20.)



1. Short is the time to la - bor, And soon for-ev - er past; Dream not through life of
 2. Then up my soul be do - ing, Seek ev' - ry o - pen door; The time is fast ap -
 3. When thou hast fil'd thy mis - sion, And all thy toils are o'er; Then thou canst cease from



hea - ven, And be shut out at last. The soul that strives shall eu - ter
 proach - ing, When thou canst work no more. Pur - sue thy high vo - ca - tion,
 la - hor, And rest for-ev - er more. O, why shouldst thou grow wea - ry!



The straight and narrow gate; But all who i - dly slum - ber, Must hear him say "too late."
 Till my last hour is gone; Rest not un - til the Sa - vior Shall say "enough," "well done."
 Or think the journey long; The Sa - vior soon will call thee To join the ransom'd throng.

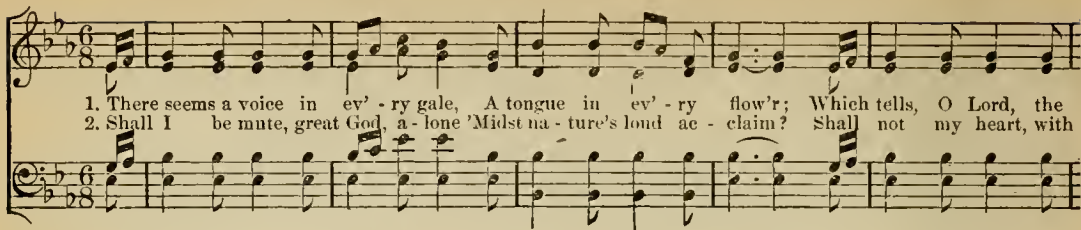
CHORUS.

The fields are now white un - to har - vest, The lab'ers a - las are but few; If will - ing to work for the

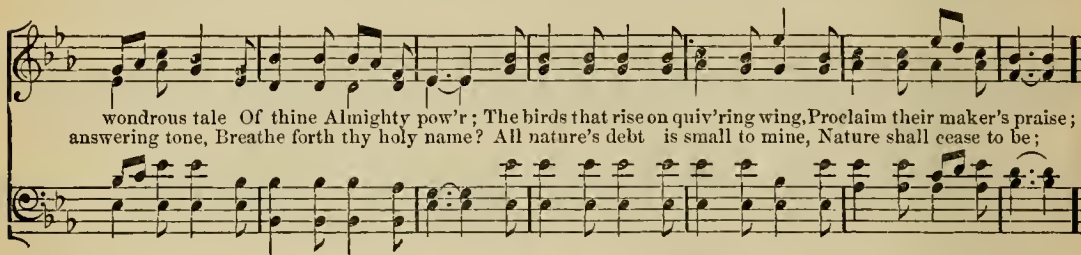
Sa - vior, You'll al - ways have plen - ty to do; Go forth, deek thy crown of re - joic - ing With

jewels that never shall fade; The brands thou shalt pluck from the burning, Will bless thee in glory array'd.

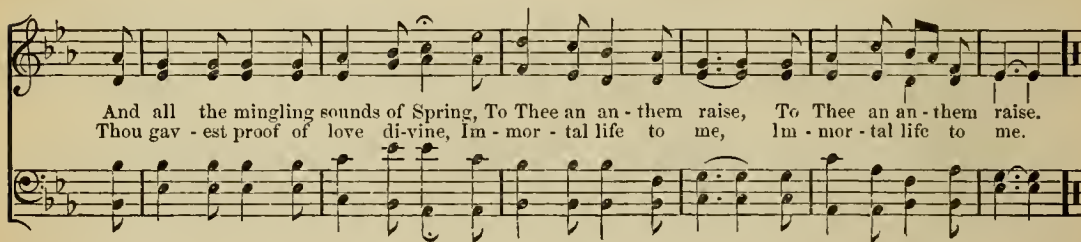
"All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord, and thy saints shall bless thee."—(PSALM cxiv. 10.)



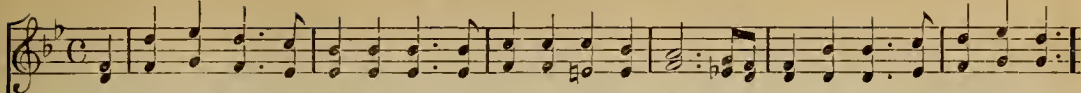
1. There seems a voice in ev' - ry gale, A tongue in ev' - ry flow'r; Which tells, O Lord, the
2. Shall I be mute, great God, a - lone 'Midst na - ture's loud ac - claim? Shall not my heart, with



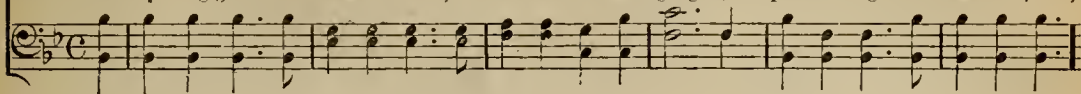
wondrous tale Of thine Almighty pow'r; The birds that rise on quiv'ring wing, Proclaim their maker's praise;
answering tone, Breathe forth thy holy name? All nature's debt is small to mine, Nature shall cease to be;



And all the mingling sounds of Spring, To Thee an an - them raise, To Thee an an - them raise.
Thou gav - est proof of love di - vine, Im - mor - tal life to me, Im - mor - tal life to me.



1. Look up my soul by faith be-hold Thy Sa-vior on the tree, The sun his gold-en rays with-hold,
2. His dy-ing groans the earth convulse, 'Tis mov'd with heaving sighs; Sus-pend-ed high is na-ture's pulse,



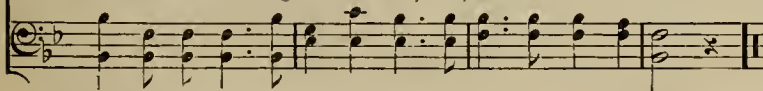
CHORUS.



- While Je-sus dies for thee. Oh, the Lamb, the pre-cious Lamb, Who tast-ed death for me;
While my Re-deem-er dies. Oh, the Lamb, etc.



- Washed in his cleans-ing blood I am, Oh, now from sin I'm free.



3.

- What wondrous pow'r he now reveals,
To prove his priestly claim;
And with his kingly signet seals
The import of his name.—Chorus.

4.

- Well might the sun refuse to shine,
And nature blush in blood,
When bleeds the suffering Lord Divine,
When dies the Son of God.—Chorus.

1. O say, can you tell, when the sweet Sabbath bell Is call - ing the children to - geth - er, How ma - ny small feet will be
2. O pray, Christian, pray, for those wand'ring astray. And bring them rejoicing to Jesus; Like stars they shall shine, and the

CHORUS.

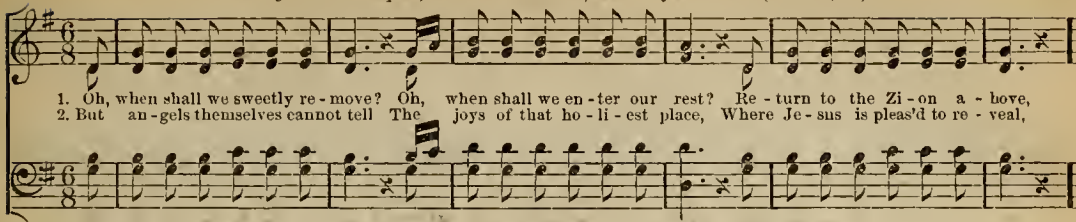
wand'ring the street, And ne'er in the Sabbath School gather? O try, children, try, and your lit - tle arts ply, And
crown shall be thine, When heaven's bright glories shall greet us. O try, children, try, etc.

work for the Sabbath School: Let ev - ry one ral - ly, Go search street and alley, To fill up the Sab - bath School.

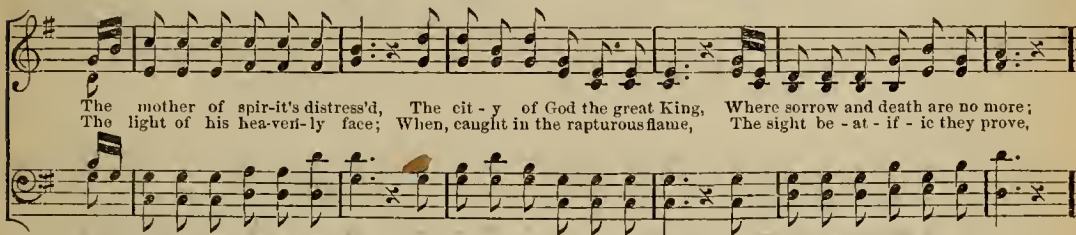
O WHEN SHALL WE SWEETLY REMOVE?

D. C. JOHN. 55

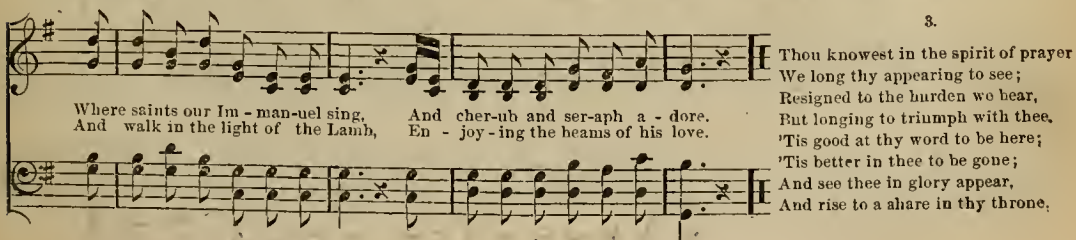
"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better."—(PHIL. ii, 23.)



1. Oh, when shall we sweetly re-move? Oh, when shall we en-ter our rest? Re-turn to the Zi-on a-bove,
2. But an-gels themselves cannot tell The joys of that ho-li-est place, Where Je-sus is pleas'd to re-veal,

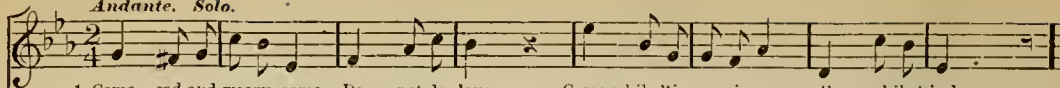


The mother of spir-it's distress'd, The cit-y of God the great King, Where sorrow and death are no more;
The light of his hea-ven-ly face; When, caught in the rapturous flame, The sight be-at-if-ic they prove,



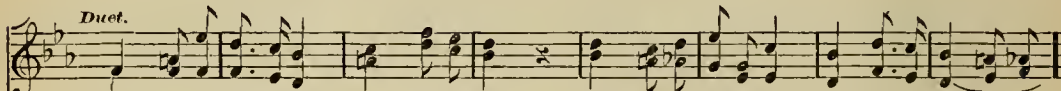
3. Thou knowest in the spirit of prayer
We long thy appearing to see;
Resigned to the burden we bear,
But longing to triumph with thee,
'Tis good at thy word to be here;
'Tis better in thee to be gone;
And see thee in glory appear,
And rise to a share in thy throne,

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

Andante. Solo.

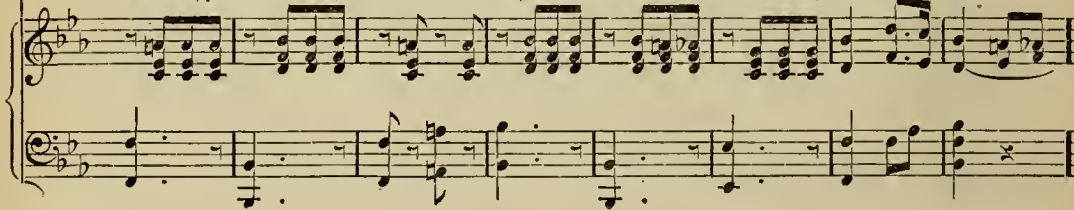
1. Come, sad and weary, come, Do not de-lay;
2. Je - sus the sinner's friend, Thou dost a-tone;
3. Calm be thy resting place, Where saints abide;
4. What tho' you're poor in heart, Tho' faint and weak,

Come while 'tis morning, come, Come while 'tis day;
 Thou wilt our cause defend, Be - fore the throne;
 Je - sus the Prince of Peace, None else beside;
 Christ will the faith impart, To all who seek.

*Duet.*

Cease from your worldly grief, Christ is your friend;
 Je - sus the sinner's goal, On thee I call:
 Calm as the Sabbath day, Wea - ry soul, rest,
 Near - er, yet nearer come, Come at his call;

None fail to find re-lief, On him de - pend.
 Cleanse my poor, sinful soul, Be thou my all.
 Far from a world of care. On Je - sus' breast.
 Near - er and nearer home, Christ all in all.



PRAY WITHOUT CEASING. Concluded.

57

CHORUS.

Pray with-out ceas-ing, pray, Cease not to plead; Je-sus from day to day, Gives what you need.

COME, O THOU TRAVELLER UNKNOWN.

D. C. JOHN.

"I will not let thee go, except thou bless me."—(GEN. xxxii. 26.)

1. Come O thou trav-el - er un-known, Whom still I hold but can - not see; My com-pan-y be-fore is gone,
And I am left a-lone with thee; With thee all night I mean to stay, And wres-tle till the break of day.

2. I need not tell thee who I am,
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on thy hands and read it there;
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3. Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer;
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name is love.

KNEELING AT THE THRESHOLD.

D. C. JOHN.

"All the days of my appointed time, will I wait, till my change come."—(JOB xiv. 14.)

1. I'm kneel-ing at the threshold, Wea-ry, faint, and sore; Wait-ing for the dawning,
2. A wea-ry path I've travelled, 'Mid darkness, storm, and strife; Bear-ing many a bur-den,

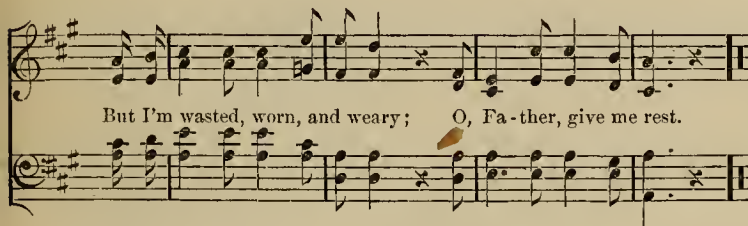
For the opening of the door; Wait-ing till the Mas-ter, Shall bid me rise and come
And struggling for my life; But now the morn is break-ing, My toil will soon be o'er;

To the glo-ry of his presence, To the gladness of his home; To the glo-ry of his presence,
I'm kneel-ing at the threshold, My hand is on the door; I'm kneel-ing at the threshold,

CHORUS.



To the glad-ness of his home. O Lord, I wait thy pleasure, Thy time and way are best;
My hand is on the door. O Lord, I wait, etc.



But I'm wasted, worn, and weary; O, Fa-ther, give me rest.

3.

Methinks I hear the voices,
Of blest ones as they stand,
Singing in the sunshine,
In the far-off sinless land;
O would that I were with thee,
Amid the shining throng;
Mingling in their adoration,
And joining in their song.—*Cho.*

4.

The friends that started with me,
Have entered long ago;
One by one they left me
Still struggling with the foe;
Their pilgrimage was shorter,
Their triumph sooner won,
And lovingly they'll hail me,
When all my toil is done.—*Chorus.*

5.

And with the blessed angels,
That know no grief or sin;
I see them by the portals,
Prepared to let me in.
O Lord, I wait thy pleasure,
Thy time and way are best;
But I'm wasted, worn, and weary,
O, Father, give me rest.—*Chorus.*

ALONG THE RIVER DEEP AND WIDE.

D. C. JONG.

*"We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord."—(II COR. v. 8.)**Slow.*

1. A-long the riv-er, deep and wide, We tim-id pil-grims fondly stray, And see our lov'd ones o'er the tide,
2. Though hid by clouds from mortal eye, That land is not far off we know; For visions of our home on high,

Launch one by one their boats a - way; O is that mys - tic voyage long, From mortal to im - mortal shore?
Are oft vouchsafed to saints be - low; And oft the clouds that o'er it throw Their veil, uplifted for our sight,

Or may we hear the welcome song, Soon as we touch the trembling oar? Soon as we touch the trembling oar?
With purple, gold, and sapphire glow, Re-ful-gent with ce - les - tial light, Re-ful-gent with ce - les - tial light.

1. Fa-ther, en-thron'd a-bove, Hear us in gra-cious love, Ae-cept our vows; Ho-ly and

Sov'-rein Lord, Keep thou the watch and ward, Be the per-pet-ual guard Of this thy house.

2. This Temple, pure and fair,
One Spirit's faith and prayer,
One heart alone,
To thy immortal praise
In holy trust doth raise;
O God of truth and grace
Make it thine own.

3. Thou, the Anointed One,
God's own eternal Son.
Grant us thine aid;
Here let thy favor dwell,
Here may thy praises swell;
Savior, Immanuel,
Be thou our Head.

4. Jehovah—Lord and King,
Angels thy glory sing
Through endless days;
World without end to thee,
To thy great Majesty,
Father, Son, Spirit, be
Eternal praise!

Concluded from opposite page.

3. Oft gentle breezes sweet and calm,
Steal softly from those healthful spheres,
To bathe the soul with breath of balm,
To soothe its sorrows, dry its tears;
Yea, sometimes listening ears may gain
The chorus of the white-robed choir,
5 Transported, catch the sweet refrain
Of spirit voice, and harp, and lyre.

4. There now our loved ones sweetly rest;
Safe o'er the flood, they nevermore
Shall heed the billows on its breast,
Or storms that beat along the shore;
Down from those seats their eyes they cast,
And long with us their joys to share;
When we in turn the flood have pass'd,
Shall we all meet our loved ones there?

WHAT ARE THOSE SOUL-REVIVING STRAINS?

D. C. JOHN.

*"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."—(MATT. xxi. 16.)**Spiritedly.*

1. What are those soul-reviving strains, Which echo thus from Salem's plains? What anthems loud, and louder

CHORUS.

still, So sweet-ly sound from Zi-on's hill. Ho-san-na in the high-est, Ho-san-na in the high-est,

Blessed is he, Blessed is he,

Blessed is he that cometh, Blessed is he that cometh, that cometh in the name of the Lord.

WHAT ARE THOSE SOUL-REVIVING STRAINS? Concluded. 63

Bless-ed is he, Bless-ed is he, . . . that com-eth in the

Blessed is he that com-eth, Blessed is he that com-eth in the

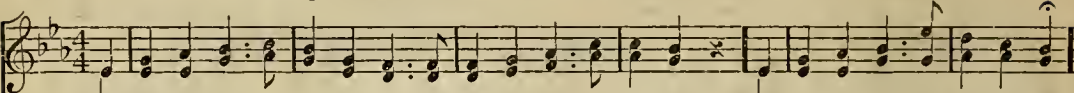
For last verse only. Ho - san - na!

name of the Lord. Ho-san - na! Ho-san - na! Ho-san - na! Ho-san - na!

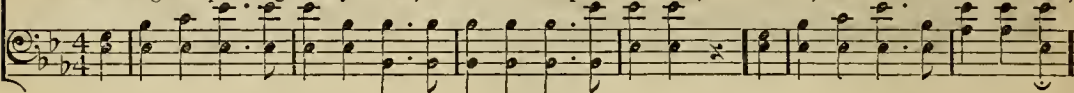
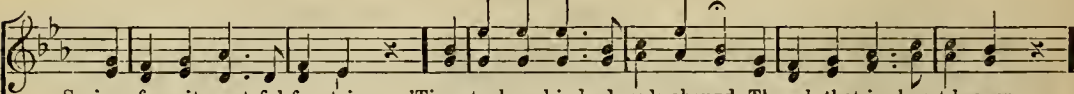
2. Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sings
Hosanna to the King of kings:
The Savior comes!—and babes proclaim
Salvation, sent in Jesus' name.—*Chorus.*
3. Nor these alone their voice shall raise,
For we will join this song of praise;
Still Israel's children forward press,
To hail the Lord their Righteousness.—*Chorus.*

4. Messiah's name shall joy impart
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart:
He bled for us, he bled for you,
And we will sing hosanna too.—*Chorus.*
5. Proclaim hosannas, loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear!
All praise on earth to him be given,
And glory shout through highest heaven.—*Chorus.*

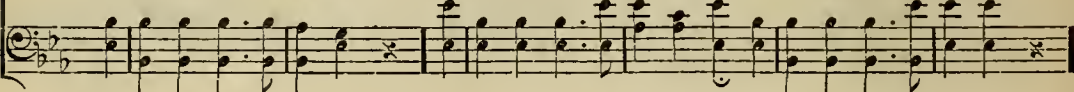
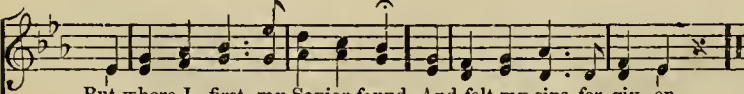
"And Jacob called the name of the place Peniel, for I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved."—(GEN. xxxii. 30.)



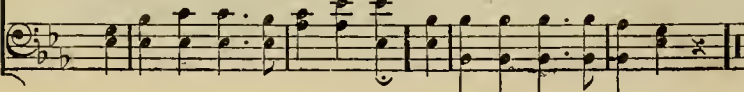
1. There is a spot to me more dear, Than native vale or mountain; A spot for which af-fec-tion's tear,
 2. Hard was my toil to reach the shore, Long toss'd upon the o - cean; A - bove me was the thunder's roar,
 3. Sink-ing and pant-ing for my breath, I knew not help was near me, And cried, O save me Lord from death,

Springs from its grateful fountain; 'Tis not where kindred souls abound, Though that is almost heaven,
 Beneath the waves' commotion; Darkly the pall of night was thrown Around me, faint with terror;
 Im-mor-tal Je - sus hear me! Then, quick as thought, I felt him mine, My Saviour stood before me;

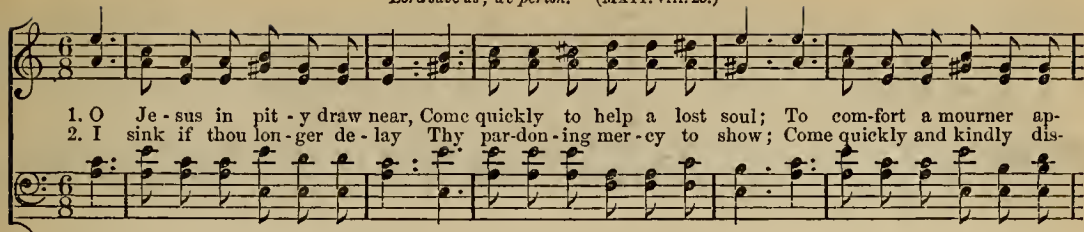
4.
 O sacred hour! O hallowed spot!
 Where love divine first found me;
 Wherever falls my distant lot,
 My heart shall linger round thee
 And when from earth I rise to soar
 Up to my home in heaven,
 Down will I cast my eyes once more,
 Where I was first forgiven.



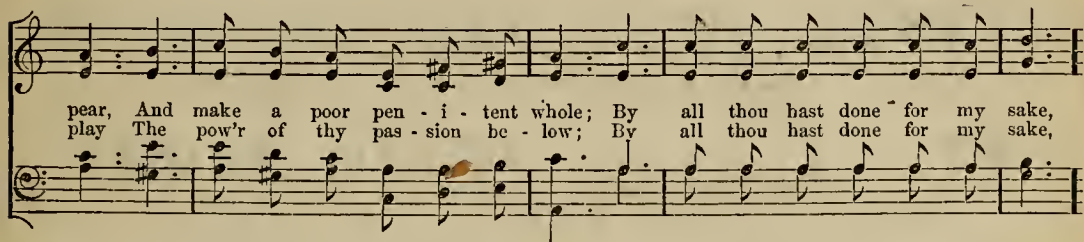
PENITENT'S PRAYER.

D. C. JOHN. 65

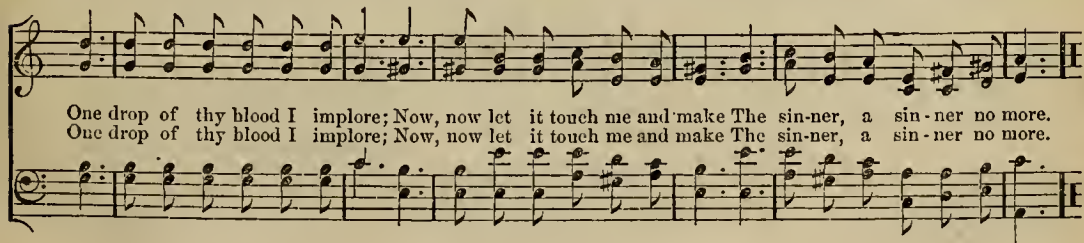
"Lord save us; we perish."—(MATT. viii. 25.)



1. O Je - sus in pit - y draw near, Come quickly to help a lost soul; To com-fort a mourner ap-
 2. I sink if thou lon-ger de-lay Thy par-don-ing mer-cy to show; Come quickly and kindly dis-



pear, And make a poor pen - i - tent whole; By all thou hast done for my sake,
 play The pow'r of thy pas - sion be - low; By all thou hast done for my sake,



One drop of thy blood I implore; Now, now let it touch me and make The sin-ner, a sin - ner no more.
 One drop of thy blood I implore; Now, now let it touch me and make The sin-ner, a sin - ner no more.

Lively.

1. JE-SUS, bless the lit-tle chil-dren! Ear-ly lead their hearts to thee—Ere the coils of sin ensnare them,
 2. Bless the seed, O precious Saviour! Which with praying breath we sow— Let it yield a fruit-ful har-vest,

Let them thy dis-ci-ples be. Vain we plant with-out thy blessing— Help divine may we re-ceive;
 And thy grace and glo-ry show. Sweet the buds a-round us ris-ing— Bright our hopes of future bloom;

To the kind instructions given Grant the wisdom to be-lieve.
 Yet how soon they may be blighted, Fall and wither in the tomb.

3.

Shepherd? hear us—hear our pleading
 For the lambs within our fold,—
 Teach the erring—guide the straying—
 Bless the children as of old.
 Lord, forbid that they should wander
 From thy gracious arms of love—
 Gentle wooings of the Spirit!
 Lead them to Thy fold above.

HE SAVED MY SOUL.

Moderato.

1st time.

2d time.

1. { You ask me, breth-ren, how I know that Je-sus is di-vine: you-der sun doth shine. The rath-er bid me

tell you how I know that bil-lows roll, Or winds sweep on from north to south! Why, friends, "He saved my soul."

CHORUS.

Glory, glory to Je - sus, Let the cho-rus roll! Glory, glory to Je-sus, Because "He saved my soul!"

Glo - ry Glo-ry to Je-sus, Let the cho-rus roll:

2.

3.

A wanderer from my Father's house, He took me by the hand;
A mariner on raging seas, He guided me to land;
A weary, storm-toss'd man, He came, and made me like a child,
As hungry to receive the truth, as gentle and as mild.—

Chorus.

He saved me! Saved me from myself, and saved me from my sins,
And here, just in that precious truth, my paradise begins;
I know that Christ, the blessed One, is Man, and is Divine,
I know because—oh! brethren hear! "He saved a soul like mloe.—

Chorus.

If the following touching little poem should remind some surviving parent of broken promises, or incite some thoughtless youth to meet that mother in heaven, whose last care was for him, it will have served one of the noblest purposes to which Music and Poetry can be consecrated.

1. Raise my pil-low, husband dear-est, Faint and fainter comes my breath; And these shadows stealing slow-ly,

Must, I know, be those of death. Sit down close be-side me darling, Let me clasp your warm, strong hand;

Your's, that ever has sustain'd me To the bor-ders of this land.

2.

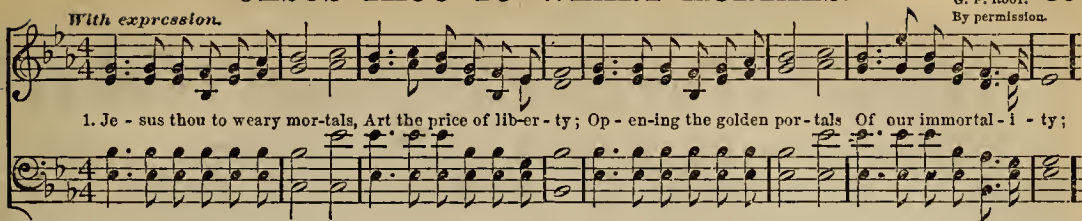
I've had visions, and been dreaming
O'er the past of joy and pain;
Year by year I've wandered backward,
'Till I was a child again.
Dreams of thee and all the earth-chords
Firmly twined about my heart;
Oh, the bitter burning anguish,
When I first knew we must part.

JESUS THOU TO WEARY MORTALS.

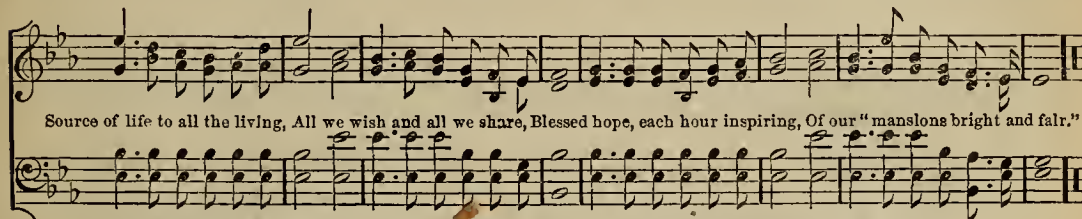
G. F. Root. 69

By permission.

With expression.



1. Je - sus thou to weary mor-tals, Art the price of lib-er - ty; Op - en-ing the golden por-tals Of our immor-tal - i - ty;



Source of life to all the living, All we wish and all we share, Blessed hope, each hour inspiring, Of our "mansions bright and fair,"

2. In the hour of sad bereavement,
And of desolating strife,
Thou dost crown each heart-achievement
On the battle-field of life;
Giving sweetest consolation
In the sorrows we deplore,
And the richest coronation
When the mortal strife is o'er.

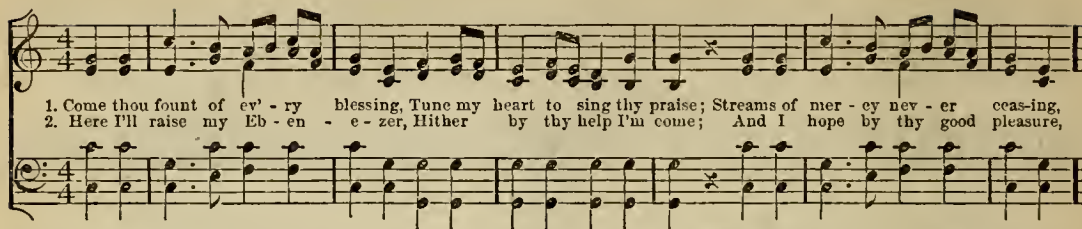
3. Hasten then, ye ransomed legions,
Lift the royal banner high;
Let it wave throughout the regions
In which men yet fear to die.
Jesus reigus o'er death victorious,
And his saints are victors too;
Souls enshrined in bodies glorious,
Shall eternal youth renew.

Concluded from opposite page.

3. It has passed, and God has promised,
All thy footsteps to attend;
He is more than friend or brother,
He'll be with you to the end.
There's no shadow on the portal,
Leading to my heavenly home;
Christ has promised life immortal,
And 'tis he that bids me come.

4. Bring my boys unto my bedside,
My last blessing let them keep;
But they're sleeping—do not wake them,
They'll learn soon enough to weep.
Tell them often of their mother,
Kiss them for me when they wake;
Lead them gently in life's pathway,
Love them doubly for my sake.

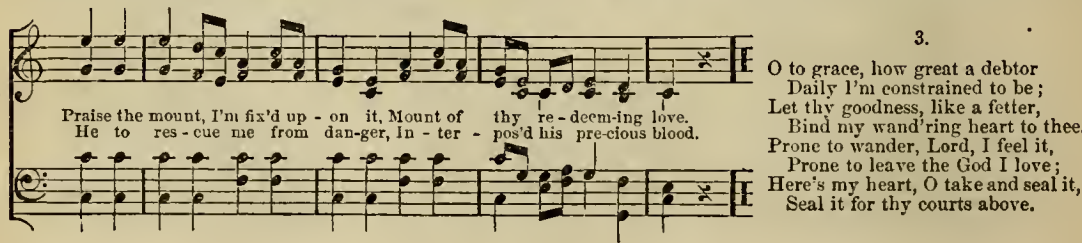
5. Clasp my hand still closer, darling,
This the last night of my life;
For to-morrow I shall never
Answer when you call me wife.
Fare thee well my noble husband,
Faint not 'neath the chast'ning rod;
Throw thy strong arm 'round the children,
Keep them close to thee and God.

"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."—(II SAM. vii. 12.)


1. Come thou fount of ev' - ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy praise; Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceas-ing,
2. Here I'll raise my Eb - en - e - zer, Hither by thy help I'm come; And I hope by thy good pleasure,



Call for songs of loud-est praise; Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flaming tongues above,
Safe - ly to ar - rive at home. Je - sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;



Praise the mount, I'm fix'd up - on it, Mount of thy re - deem-ing love.
He to res - cue me from dan - ger, in - ter - pos'd his pre - cious blood.

3.
O to grace, how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be;
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

HOSANNA, LET THE CHILDREN SING.

D. O. JOHN. 71

"And when the chief priests . . . saw . . . the children crying in the temple, and saying, 'Hosanna to the Son of David,' they were sore displeased."—(MATT. xxi. 15.)

1. Ho - san - na be the childrens' song, To Christ the childrens' King; His praise to whom our souls belong, Let
2. Ho - san - na sound from hill to hill, And spread from plain to plain, While louder, sweeter, clearer still, Woods
3. Ho - san - na on the wings of light, O'er earth and o - cean fly, Till morn to eve, and noon to night, And

CHORUS.

all the chil-dren sing.
e - cho' to the strain.
heav'n to earth re - ply.

Let them come, . . . let them come, . . . let them come . . . un - to
Let them come, etc.
Let them come, etc.

Suf - fer the children to come un - to me, and for - bid them not, for of

me, . . . For of such, . . . for of such . . . for of such [is the king - dom of heav'n.

such is the kingdom of heav'n, for of such is the kingdom of heav'n, for of such is the king - dom of heav'n.

THE LAMBS OF THE FLOCK.

J. H. TENNEY.
By permission.

1. We're the lambs of the flock, And no danger we fear, When the voice and the call, Of our shepherd we hear.

CHORUS.

Then we fol - low, then we follow, then we fol-low his call, In the steps of the flock, When the Shepherd we hear.

2. We are tiny and weak,
But our Shepherd is strong;
From the wolves he defendeth us
All the day long.—Chorus.

3. The pastures are green,
And the flowers bloom 'round;
By the side of still water,
He lets us lie down.—Chorus.

4. O, that all the dear lambs,
Had a heart to reply;
When the great Shepherd calls
From his mansion on high.—Cho.

Words by JNO. HODGSON.

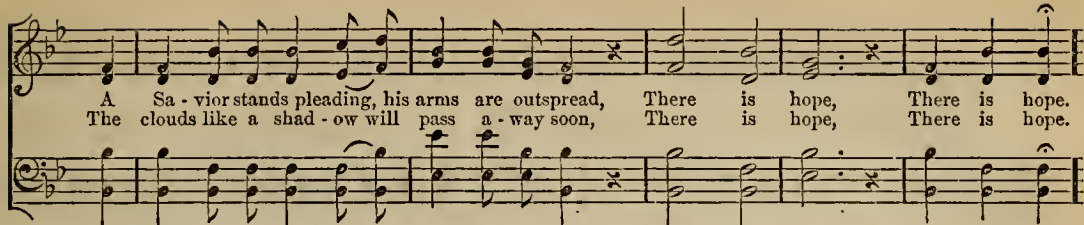
MERCY AND LOVE.

JNO. B. SWEENEY.

1. Your path may be dark, and with thorns overspread, There is hope, There is hope,
2. Though weary with toiling, and shrouded in gloom, There is hope, There is hope,

MERCY AND LOVE. Concluded.

73

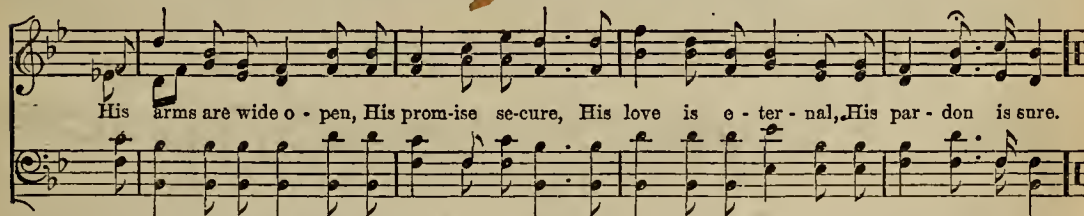


A Sa - vior stands pleading, his arms are outspread, There is hope, There is hope.
The clouds like a shad - ow will pass a - way soon, There is hope, There is hope.

CHORUS,



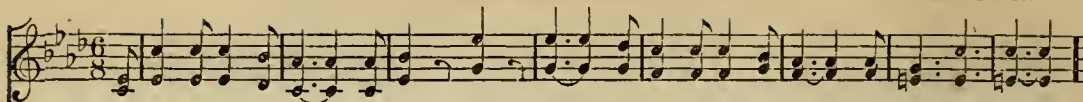
O fly to the re-gions of Mer - cy, O fly, For Je - sus stands pleading, His spir-it is nigh,



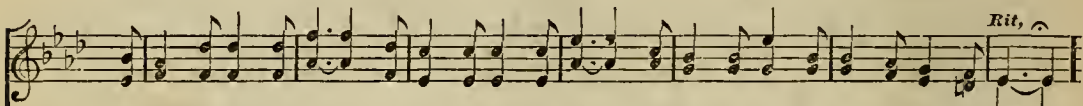
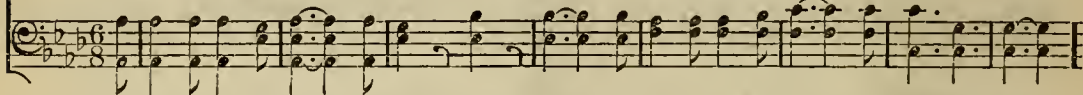
His arms are wide o - pen, His prom-ise se-cure, His love is e - ter - nal, His par - don is sure.

3. The light, the bright light, so wond'rous and fair,
How it breaks from above;
For Jesus hath promised his glories to share,
Mid the light of his love.—*Chorus.*

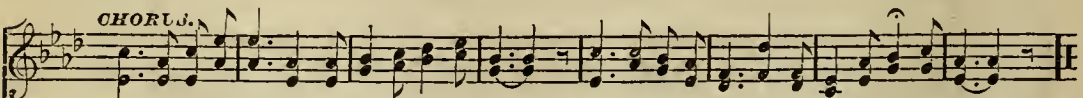
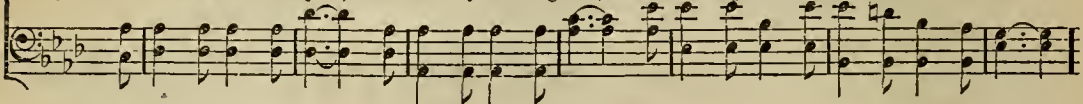
4. Then cease every sorrow, the weary shall rest,
In his love, in his love;
In palace of glory, Sweet Home of the blest,
There is love, there is love.—*Chorus.*



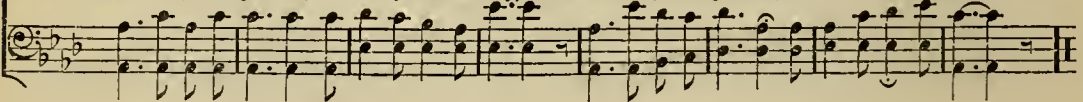
1. The winds began to howl, O'er land and sea; And distant thunders roll, O'er Gal - i - lee;
 2. And o'er the dark, wild deep, The waves dash'd high; No rest to wea - ry feet, No hav - en nigh;
 3. Then, then arose the cry From ev' - ry tongue, Is there no hav - en nigh? What shall be done?



Still fierc - er rose the blast, While viv - id light'nings flash'd, And roll - ing thun - der crash'd o'er troubled sea.
 Fierce ter - ror fill'd each soul, And wave o'er wave did roll, And clouds swept as a scroll In ter - ror by.
 And still the tor - rents pour, Dark waves fly dash - ing o'er, While drift - ing from the shore; What shall be done?



Save Lord, or we per - ish, The sturdy boatmen cry, Save Lord, or we per - ish, Is still the mournful cry.



JESUS IS MIGHTY TO SAVE.

1. All glo - ry to Je - sus be giv'n, That life and sal - va - tion are free; And all may be wash'd and for-
2. From the darkness of sin and des - pair, Out in - to the light of his love, He has brought me and made me an

giv'n, And Je - sus can save e - ven me. Yes, Je - sus is might - y to save, And all his sal - va - tion may
heir, To kingdoms and mansions a - bove. Yes, Je - sus is might - y, etc. is might - y to save. sal -

know, On his bo som I lean, And his blood makes me clean, For his blood can wash whiter than snow.
va - tion may know.

3. Oh, the rapturous heights of his love,
The measureless depths of his grace,
My soul all his fullness would prove,
And live in his loving embrace.—*Chorus.*

4. In him all my wants are supplied,
His love makes my heaven below,
And freely his blood is applied,
His blood that makes whiter than snow.—*Chorus.*

1. Time is ear - nest, Pass-ing by; Death is ear - nest, Drawing nigh: Sin-ner wilt thou
 2. Life is ear - nest; When 'tis o'er, Thou re - turn - est Nev-er more! Soon to meet e -

CHORUS.
 tri - fling be? Time and death ap - peal to thee. O be ear - nest, Rise and flee;
 ter - ni - ty, Wilt thou nev - er se - rious be? O be ear - nest, etc.

Lo thy Sa - vior waits for thee.

3.
 God is earnest;
 Kneel and pray;
 Ere thy season
 Pass away;
 Ere he set his judgment throne—
 Vengeance ready, mercy gone.
 —Chorus.

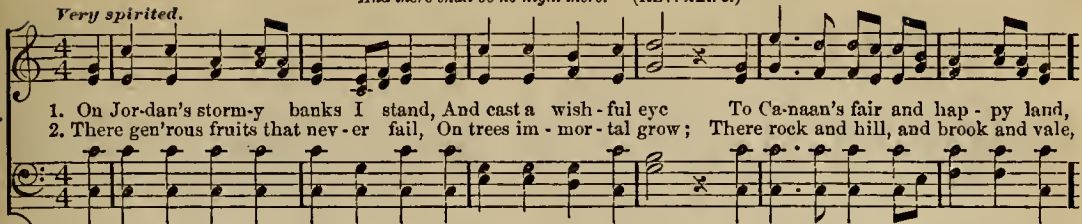
4.
 When thy pleasures
 All depart,
 What will soothe thy
 Fainting heart?
 Friendless, desolate, alone,
 Entering a world unknown.
 —Chorus.

ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS I STAND.

D. C. JOHN. 77

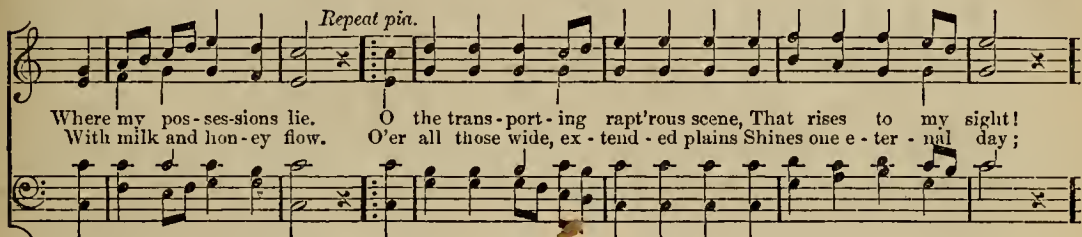
"And there shall be no night there."—(REV. xxi. 5.)

Very spirited.



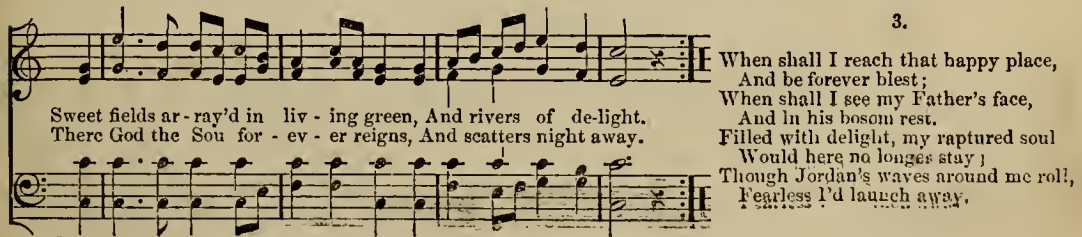
1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land,
2. There gen'rous fruits that nev-er fail, On trees im-mor-tal grow; There rock and hill, and brook and vale,

Repeat pia.



Where my pos-ses-sions lie. O the trans-port-ing rapt'rous scene, That rises to my sight!
With milk and hon-ey flow. O'er all those wide, ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;

3.



Sweet fields ar-ray'd in liv-ing green, And rivers of de-light.
There God the Sou for-ev-er reigns, And scatters night away.

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest;
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest.
Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

FORGET NOT THE SAVIOR.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. For - get not the Sa - vior in youth's hap - py day, He asks for thy heart ere by sin led as - tray;
2. To - day he is call - ing the lambs to his fold, Ere lost on the moun - tains of sin, dark and cold;

He wait - eth to bless thee—his love to be - stow, In child - hood to lead thee where pure fountains flow.
Ere e - vil days hast - en, and years shall draw nigh, When time's fleeting pleasures shall fade from the eye.

3. Oh! now he invites thee his mercy to share,
To seek his protection, his guidance and care;
To follow his teachings—his precepts obey,
And yield to his spirit ere taken away.

4. Oh! come, then, to Jesus, as children may come,
And find at his altars a refuge and home—
He took them on earth in the arms of his love,
And welcomes them still to his mansions above.

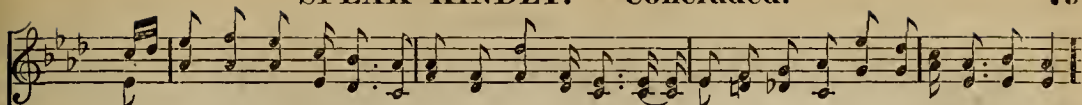
Words by Jno. Hodgson.

SPEAK KINDLY.

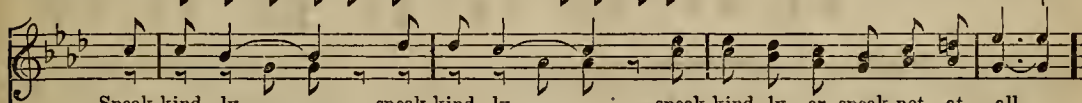
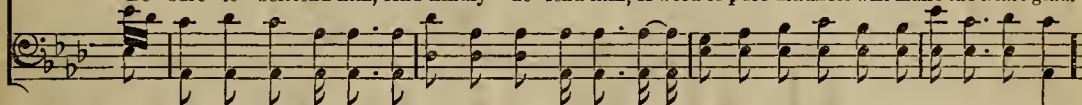
"A soft answer turneth away wrath."

JNO. R. SWENEY.

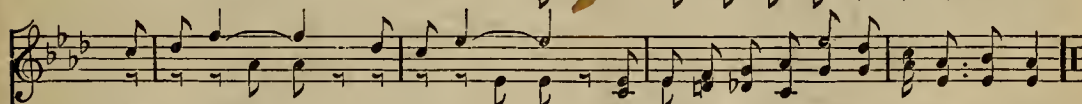
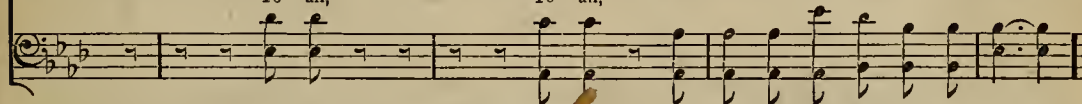
1. When - ev - er you hear a word spoken in jest, Of a friend or a neighbor, that is not the best,
2. When - ev - er you see a friend moody or sad, Be - cause he has suffered some deed of the bad,



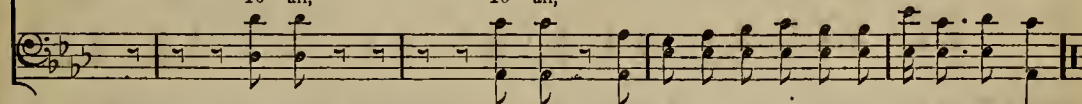
Be sure not to heed it, And nev - er re - peat it; Be the tongue of un-kindness for-ev-er at rest.
Be sure to befriend him, And kindly de-fend him; A word of pure kindness will make the heart glad.



Speak kind - ly, To all, speak kind - ly, To all, speak kind - ly, or speak not at all.



Speak kindly, To all, speak kind-ly, To all, For life is too frail to em-bit-ter with gall.



3. When stricken with worldly ills, never repine,
Through the furnace of fire, the metal's refined;
Christ died to relieve you,
He stands to receive you,
Through faith in his promise, a haven you'll find.—*Chorus.*

4. The seeds of pure kindness, sown broadcast o'er all,
Like a cloud of sweet incense, ever shall fall
O'er the friend that is true;
'Tis God's promise to you,
If you act in good faith, and speak kindly to all.—*Chorus.*

THE WEARY CHILD.

A PICTURE OF CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Music by D. C. Joun.

1. O mother, I am ve-ry tired, Just see how far we've come: And all tho
2. So plead-ed by her side, the child, As on the hill they stood, A-mid the
3. I'm al-most tired of climbing, too, And sometimes long for home; When wea-ry
4. And yes-ter ev' ning when I wept, Because I'd lost my way, I thought I

way been climbing up, Please may'nt we soon go home? I've stepp'd so ma ny steps to-
moss es, ferns, and flow'rs, En-cir-cled by the wood. She took her dar - ling in her
worn I oft look back O'er the long way I've come, And wonder when my journey'll
felt a ten-der hand, And heard a sweet voice say Trust in my hand thy feet to

THE WEARY CHILD. Concluded.

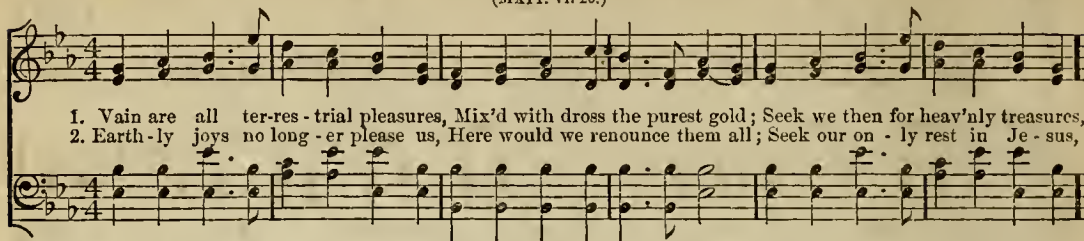
81

day, My feet are ve - ry sore; O moth - er dear, please take me home, And not climb a - ny more.
 arms, And soothed the child to rest; And ten - der - ly she bore him home, While sleeping on her breast.
 end, And when my home I'll see, And who will bear me in his arms, And where my rest shall be,
 guide, And lo! to thee 'tis giv'n To run nor wea - ry, walk nor faint, And rest at last in heav'n.

CHORUS for 3d & 4th stanzas only.


O brother, trust thy Father's hand, To guide thee all the day; And patiently toil up the steep, And strive to keep the
 way; His voice will cheer thy pilgrimage, While climbing Zion's hill; 'Tis home to trust his guiding hand, And rest to do his will.

"But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."
(MATT. vi. 20.)



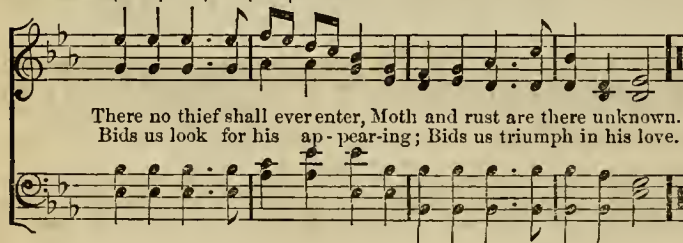
1. Vain are all ter-res-trial pleasures, Mix'd with dross the purest gold; Seek we then for heav'nly treasures,
2. Earth-ly joys no long-er please us, Here would we renounce them all; Seek our on-ly rest in Je-sus,

Duet.



Treas-ures nev-er wax-ing old; Let our best af-fec-tions cen-tre, On the things a-round the throne;
Him our Lord and Mas-ter call. Faith our lan-guid spir-its cheer-ing, Points to bright-er worlds a-bove;

3.



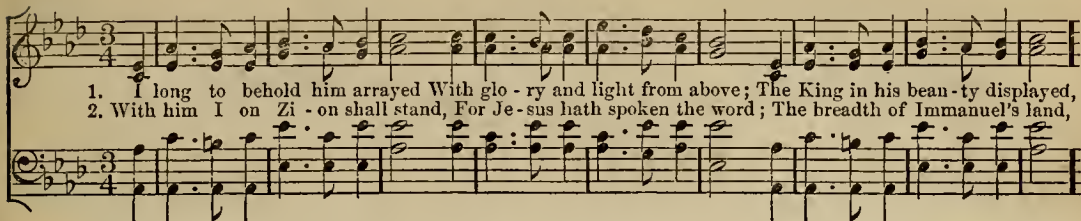
There no thief shall ever enter, Moth and rust are there unknown.
Bids us look for his ap-pear-ing; Bids us triumph in his love.

May our light be always burning,
And our loins be girded round;
Waiting for our Lord's returning,
Longing for the welcome sound.
Thus the Christian life adorning,
Never need we be afraid,
Should he come at night or morning,
Early dawn or evening shade.

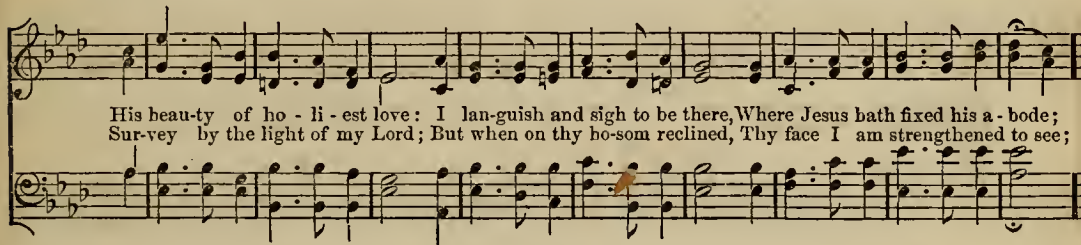
I LONG TO BEHOLD HIM ARRAYED.

D. C. JOHN. 83

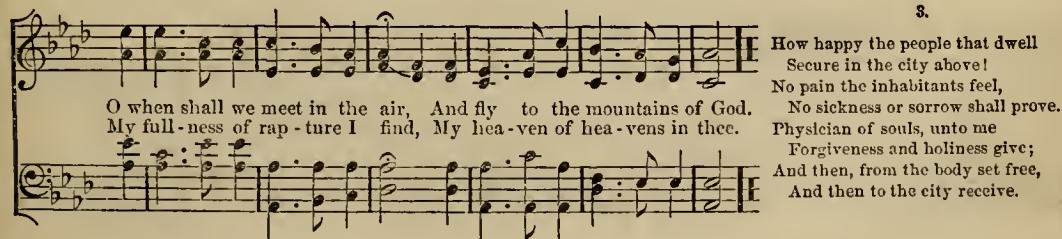
"Then we, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord."
(THESS. iv. 17.)



1. I long to behold him arrayed With glo - ry and light from above; The King in his beau - ty displayed,
2. With him I on Zi - on shall stand, For Je - sus hath spoken the word; The breadth of Immanuel's land,



His beau - ty of ho - li - est love: I lan - guish and sigh to be there, Where Jesus hath fixed his a - bode;
Sur - vey by the light of my Lord; But when on thy ho - som reclined, Thy face I am strengthened to see;



3.
How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow shall prove.
Physician of souls, unto me
Forgiveness and holiness give;
And then, from the body set free,
And then to the city receive.

HARK! WHAT MEAN THOSE HOLY VOICES?

D. C. JOHN.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."—(LUKE ii. 14.)

First system of the musical score. It features a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Hark! what mean these ho-ly voi - ces, Sweet-ly sounding through the skies? . . .
 Peace on earth, good will from hea - ven, Reach-ing far as man is found!
 Hark! what mean those ho-ly voi - ces, Sweet-ly sound-ing through the skies?
 Peace on earth, good will from hea - ven, Reach-ing far as man is found!

Second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Lol! th'an-gel - le host re - joice - en, Heav'n-ly Hal - le - lu - jahs rise;
 Souls re-deem'd and sins for - giv - en, Lord our gold - en harp shall sound.
 Lol! th'an-gel - le host re - joice - en,
 Souls re-deem'd and sins for - giv - en,

Third system of the musical score. It concludes the piece with a final cadence. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Lis - ten to the wondrous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy;
 Hast - ten, mortals to a - dore him; Learn his name, and taste his joy;
 Lis - ten to the wondrous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy;
 Hast - ten, mor - tals to a - dore him; Learn his name and taste his joy;

HARK! WHAT MEAN THOSE HOLY VOICES. Concluded. 85

Glo - ry in the highest, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God most high!
 Till in heav'n ye sing be - fore him, Glo - ry be to God most high!
 Glo - ry in the high - est glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God most high!
 Till in heav'n ye sing be - fore him, Glo - ry be to God most high!

Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God most high.
 Till in heav'n ye sing be - fore him, Glo - ry be to God most high.
 Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God most high.
 Till in heav'n ye sing be - fore him, Glo - ry be to God most high.

DOXOLOGY. C. M.

To Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Who sweetly all agree, To save a world of sin - ners lost, E - ter - nal glo - ry be.

In brisk marching time.

MARCHING SONG.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb? And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to

CHORUS.—*Fight on, ye valiant souls, fight on, With toil and care oppress'd; Your Captain soon will say, "well done," Enter ye*

speak his name? Must I be car-ried to the skies, On flow'ry beds of
 Must I be car-ried to the skies, Must I be car-ried to the skies,

in - to rest.

ease, While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd through stormy seas?
 ease, While oth-ers fought to win the prize, Whilst others fought to win the prize,

*
3 3 3

INST. INTER.

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The first staff contains a melody with triplet markings (indicated by a '3' below the notes) and a repeat sign. The second staff, labeled 'INST. INTER.', contains a piano accompaniment with chords and rests. The third staff continues the melody with more triplet markings. The fourth staff continues the piano accompaniment. The piece concludes with a final chord in the piano part.

2.

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend of grace
To help me on to God?
Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.—*Chorus.*

3.

Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.
When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.—*Chorus.*

* If sung on the march, the interlude may be played to relieve the singers; otherwise it should be omitted.

Moderato.

1. Je - sus wept! those tears are o - ver, But his heart is still the same; Kins-man, Friend, and Elder Brother,

Is his ev - er-last-ing name; Sa - vior, who can love like thee, Gra - cious One of Beth - a - ny?

2. When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Pillow of the troubled soul;
Surely none can feel like thee,
Weeping One of Bethany.

3. Jesus wept, and still in glory
He can mark each mourner's tear,
Living to retrace the story
Of the heart he solaced here;
Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany.

4. Jesus wept! that tear of sorrow,
Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove.
Thou art all in all to me,
Living one of Bethany.

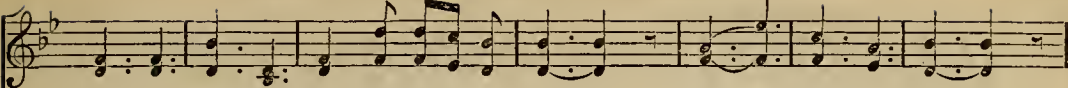
Words by JNO. HODGSON.

THE STAR OF HOPE.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Allegro.

1. I have wan-der'd far thro' val-leys gay, With wea - ry feet, With wea - ry feet;
2. A - midst tem - ples bright with hopes so fair, Where pleas - ures greet, Where pleas - ures greet;



And I've sought 'mid' world - lings gid - dy sway, In crowd - ed street.
But I found no rest, still sigh - ing where To rest my feet.

CHORUS.



Oh, that star so bright, In the noon-tide light, Blest, blest star, star of hope, star of hope,



Bids the trav'-ler rest, On Je - sus breast; Oh, the glo - rious star of hope.

3. The moon waned pale, and dull, and cold,
 :: On India's plains ::
When that star so bright to pilgrims told,
 A Savior reigns.—*Chorus.*

4. Rejoice, rejoice, for that glorious star
 :: In living light ::
Leads the pilgrim on to worlds afar,
 To glories bright.—*Chorus.*

Let the style vary with the sentiment.

1. Vital spark of heav'nly flame, Quit, O quit this mortal frame; Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,

The first system of music is in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with a fermata on the first measure. The bass staff has a simple accompaniment with rests in the first four measures.

Oh the pain, the bliss of dying. Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife, And let me languish in - to life,

The second system of music continues in 6/8 time. It features a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a simple accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Let me lan - guish in - to life. Hark! they whisper, an - gels say, Sis - ter Spir - it, come a - way;

The third system of music changes to 2/4 time. It features a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a simple accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Hark! they whisper, an-gels say Come a-way, come a-way.
Sis-ter spir-it, come a-way,

This system contains two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including rests and a final half note with a fermata. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

What is this absorbs me quite, Steals my senses, shuts my sight; Drowns my spirit, draws my breath, Tell me, my

This system contains two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is more rhythmic, using eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

soul, can this be death? The world . . . re-cedes, It fades . . . a-way,
The world re-cedes, It fades a-way,

This system contains two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature. It includes a melodic line with rests and a final half note with a fermata. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic base with chords and single notes.

Heav'n opens on my sight, My ears with sounds seraphic ring; Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly, Lend, lend your wings, I

mount I fly, O grave where is thy vic-to-ry, O Death where is thy sting? O Death where is thy sting?

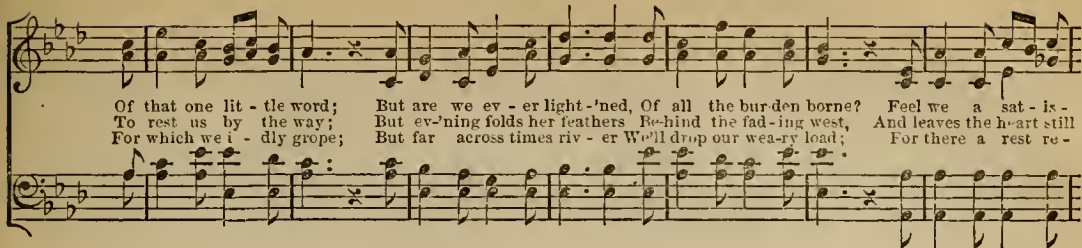
Omit 2d time. Rit.

THE CHRISTIAN'S REST.

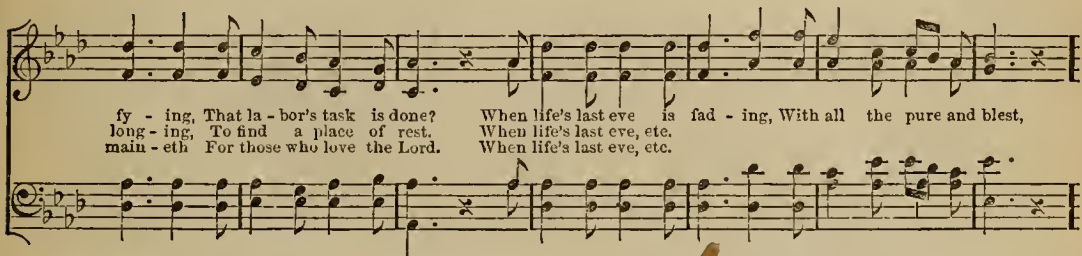
D. C. JOHN.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—(HEB. iv. 3.)

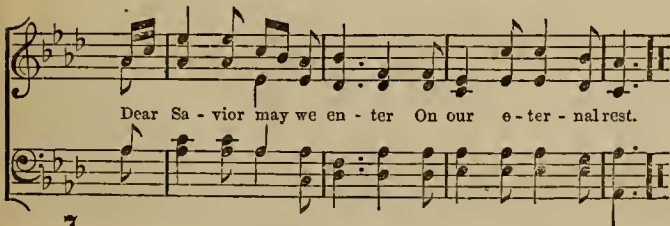
1. We of - ten speak of rest - ing, Be - side life's bu - sy road; And think we know the mean - ing
 2. Day 'af - ter day de - clin - eth, And still we hope and pray For some sweet life o - a - sis,
 3. Poor wand' - rer worn and wea - ry! 'Tis but a phantom hope— A fast re - ced - ing shad - ow,



Of that one lit - tle word; But are we ev - er light - 'ned, Of all the bur - den borne? Feel we a sat - is -
To rest us by the way; But ev - 'ning folds her feathers Be - hind the fad - ing west, And leaves the heart still
For which we i - dly grope; But far across times riv - er We'll drop our wea - ry load; For there a rest re -



fy - ing, That la - bor's task is done? When life's last eve is fad - ing, With all the pure and blest,
long - ing, To find a place of rest. When life's last eve, etc.
main - eth For those who love the Lord. When life's last eve, etc.

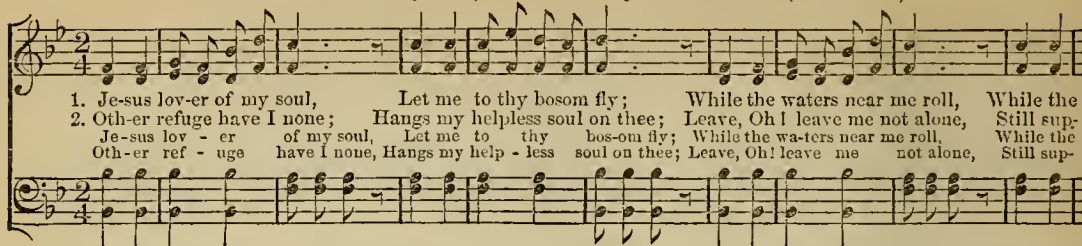


Dear Sa - vior may we en - ter On our e - ter - nal rest.

4.

O day of all perfection!
O morn without a night!
We're longing for the resting
In mansions out of sight!
When life's last eve is fading,
With all the pure and blest,
Dear Savior, may we enter
On our eternal rest. — *Chorus.*

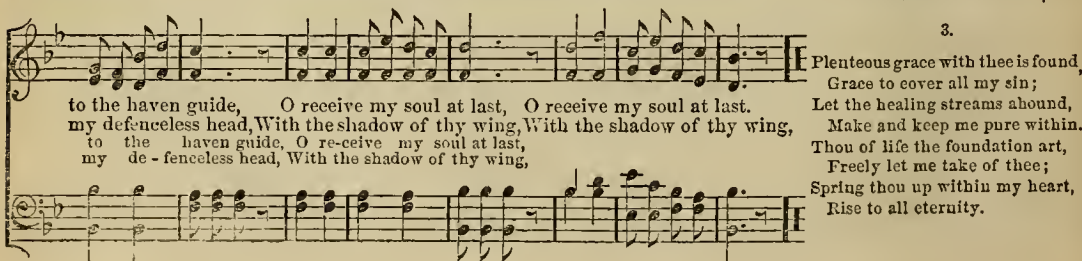
"He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust."—(PSALM xci. 4.)



1. Je-sus lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly; While the waters near me roll, While the
2. Oth-er refuge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee; Leave, Oh! leave me not alone, Still sup-
Je-sus lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly; While the wa-ters near me roll, While the
Oth-er ref-uge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on thee; Leave, Oh! leave me not alone, Still sup-

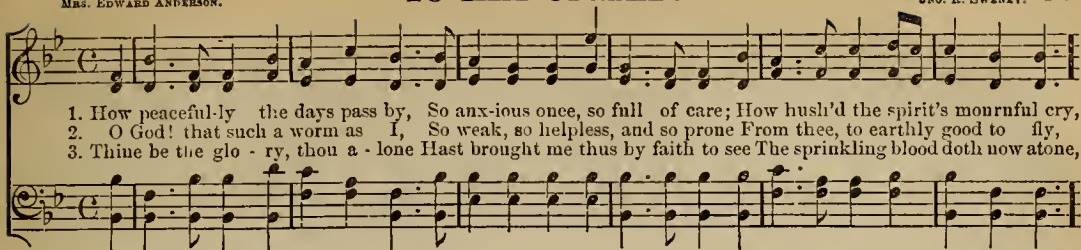


tempest still is high, Hide me, O my Savior hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in-
port and comfort me. All my trust on thee is stay'd, All my help from thee I bring; Cov-er
tem-pest still is high, Hide me, O my Savior hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in-
port and comfort me. All my trust on thee is stay'd, All my help from thee I bring; Cov-er



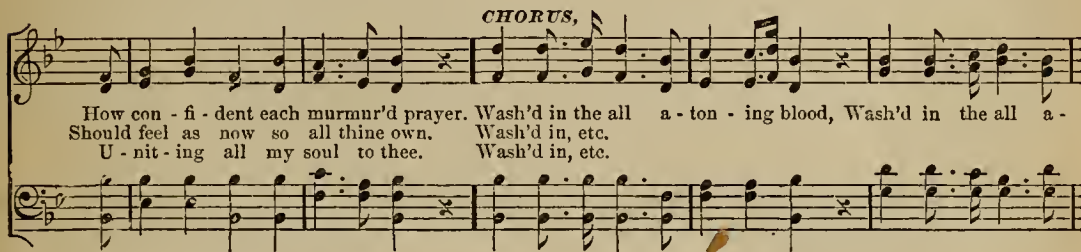
3. Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the foundation art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

to the haven guide, O receive my soul at last, O receive my soul at last.
my defenceless head, With the shadow of thy wing, With the shadow of thy wing,
to the haven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last,
my de-fenceless head, With the shadow of thy wing,

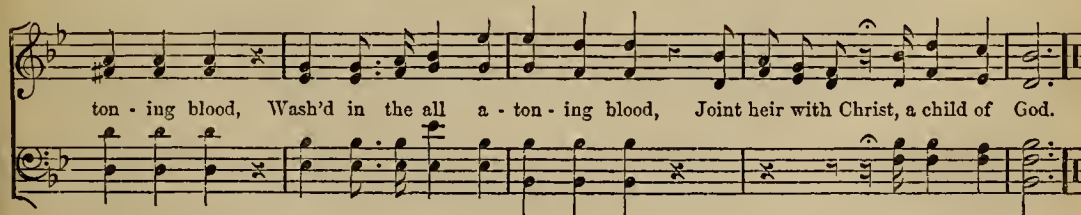


1. How peaceful-ly the days pass by, So anx-ious once, so full of care; How hush'd the spirit's mournful cry,
2. O God! that such a worm as I, So weak, so helpless, and so prone From thee, to earthly good to fly,
3. Thine be the glo - ry, thou a - lone Hast brought me thus by faith to see The sprinkling blood doth now atone,

CHORUS,



How con - fi - dent each murmur'd prayer. Wash'd in the all a - ton - ing blood, Wash'd in the all a -
Should feel as now so all thine own. Wash'd in, etc.
U - nit - ing all my soul to thee. Wash'd in, etc.



ton - ing blood, Wash'd in the all a - ton - ing blood, Joint heir with Christ, a child of God.

A HOME IN HEAVEN.

D. C. JOHN.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—(JOHN xiv. 2.)

1. A home in heav'n, what a joyful thought, As the poor man toils in his weary lot, His heart oppress'd and with
2. A home in heav'n when our pleasures fade, And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid, And strength decays and

To his home, To his
an - guish driv'n From his home below to his home in heav'n, To his home in heav'n,
health is riv'n, We are hap - py still with our home in heav'n, With our home in heav'n,
home, To his' home . . . in heav'n.

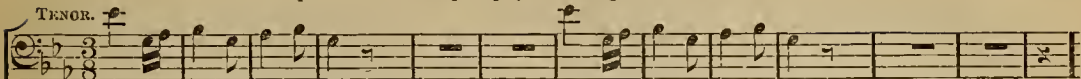
To his home in heav'n, To his home in heav'n, From his home be - low, to his home in heav'n.
With our home in heav'n, With our home in heav'n, We are hap - py still with our home in heav'n.

GO, YE MESSENGERS OF GOD.

D. C. JOHNS. 97

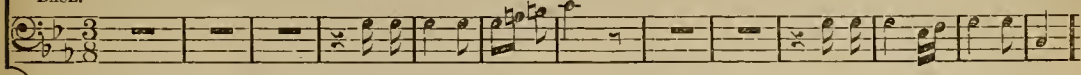
Let the Base and Tenor solos respond to each other promptly and with great earnestness.

TENOR.

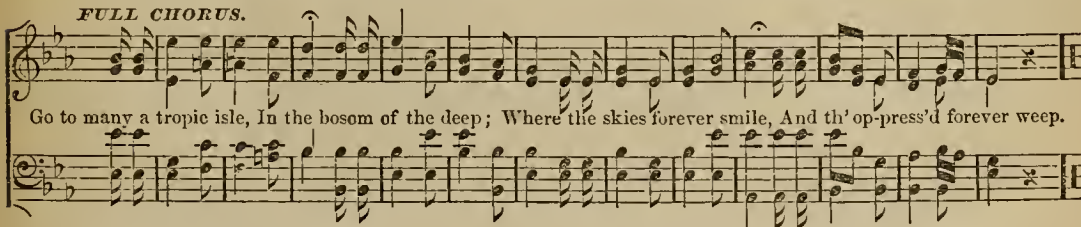


1. Go, ye mes-sen-gers of God, Take the won-der working rod,
Like the beams of morning fly; Wave the banner-cross on high;

BASE.



FULL CHORUS.



Go to many a tropic isle, In the bosom of the deep; Where the skies forever smile, And th'op-press'd forever weep.

2. O'er the pagan's night of care,
Pour the living light of heaven;
Chase away his wild despair,
Bid him hope to be forgiven.

Where the golden gates of day,
Open on the balmy East;
High the bleeding cross display,
Spread the Gospel's richest feast.

Concluded from opposite page.

3. A home in heaven, when our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mould'ring dead;
We wait in hope on the promise given,
We will meet up there in our home in heaven.
In our home in heaven, etc.

4. Our home in heaven, oh, the glorious home,
And the Spirit, joined with the Bride, says come,
Come seek his face, and your sins forgiven,
And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.
Of your home in heaven, etc.

I AM WAITING BY THE RIVER.

D. C. JOHN.

1. I am waiting by the riv - er, And my heart has waited long; Now I think I hear the cho - rus Of the
2. Far a - way beyond the shadows Of this weary vale of tears; There the tide of bliss is sweeping Through the

angels welcome song. Oh, I see the dawn is breaking On the hill tops of the blest, Where the
bright and changeless years. Oh, I long to be with Je - sus, In the man - sions of the blest, Where the

wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest.
wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest.

3.

They are launching on the river,
From the calm and quiet shore;
And they soon will bear my spirit
Where the weary sigh no more.
For the tide is swiftly flowing,
And I long to greet the blest;
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest.

LOVE DIVINE ALL LOVE EXCELLING.

D. C. JOHN. 99

"Because thy loving-kindness is better than life my lips shall praise thee."—(PSALM lxxiii. 3.)

1. Love divine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n to earth come down; Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
2. Come, Almighty to de-liv-er, Let us all thy life receive; Sud-den-ly return and nev-er,

All thy faith-ful mercies crown. Je-sus thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure unbounded love thou art;
Nev-er-more thy temples leave; Thee we would be always bless-ing, Serve thee as thy hosts above;

Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev'-ry trembling heart.
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing, Glory in thy perfect love.

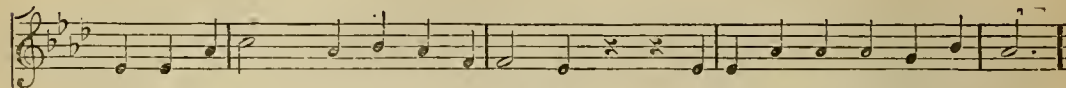
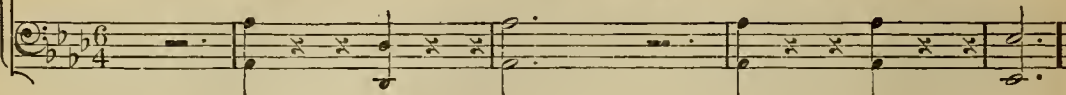
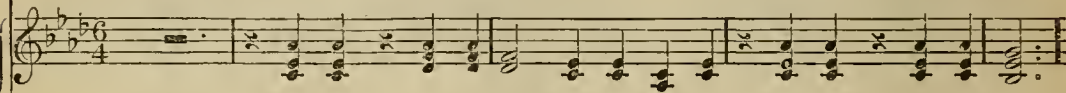
3.
Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation."—(HEB. I. 14.)



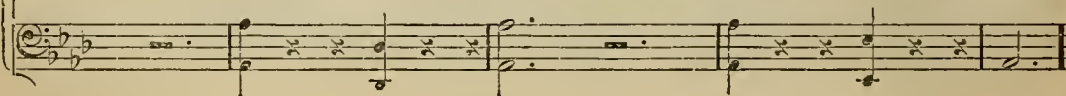
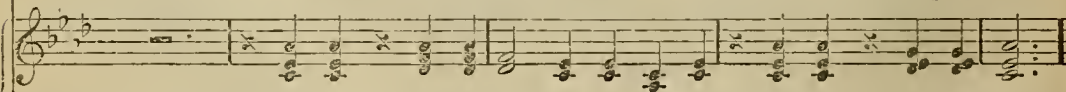
1. Tell me, ye an - gels, what is your mis - sion,
2. Ye who sought Je - sus in his tempt - a - tion,
3. Ye who were pre - sent in the lone gar - den,

Mortals are longing to know;
Cheering him, weary and faint;
'Mid the deep shadows of night:



Do ye in truth, or po - e - sy's dreaming,
Suc - cor ye not in sore trib - u - la - tion,
Stand ye not round when spir - its are trembling,

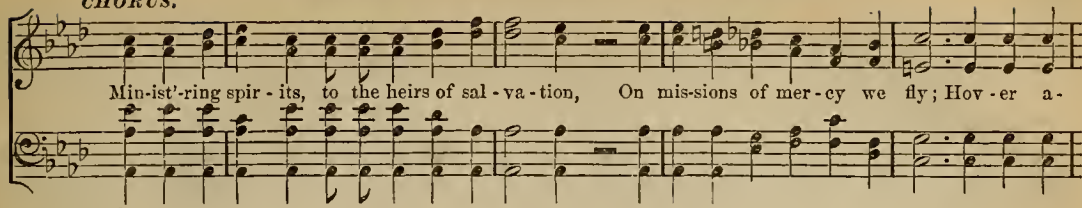
Vis - it your kindred be - low?
The tempted and suf - fer - ing saint?
And pluming their pinions for flight?



THE MISSION OF ANGELS. Concluded.

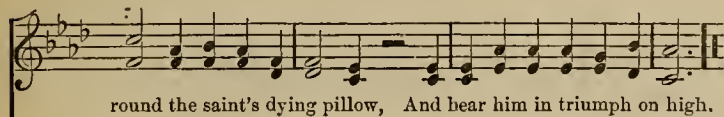
101

CHORUS.



Min-ist'-ring spir - its, to the heirs of sal - va - tion, On mis-sions of mer - cy we fly; Hov - er a -

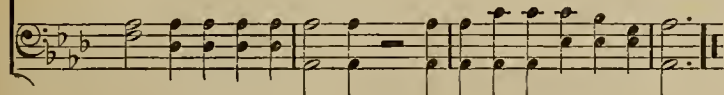
4.



round the saint's dying pillow, And hear him in triumph on high.

Ye who from heaven, quickly descending,
Waited the beggar's last breath;
Do ye not hear the souls of the dying,
Over the river of death?—*Chorus.*

5.

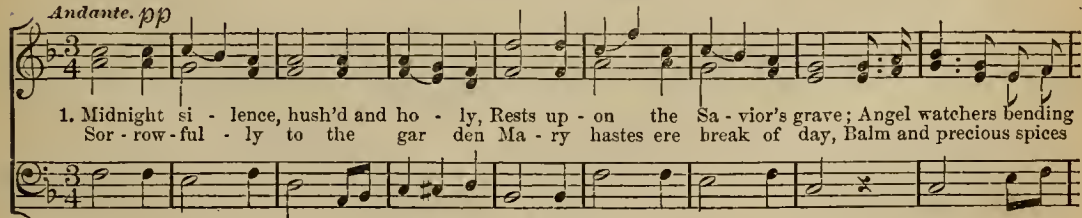


What tho' I tread the vale and the shadow,
Bidding my loved ones adieu;
Naught shall I fear, with angel companions,
To comfort and guide me safe thro'.—*Cho.*

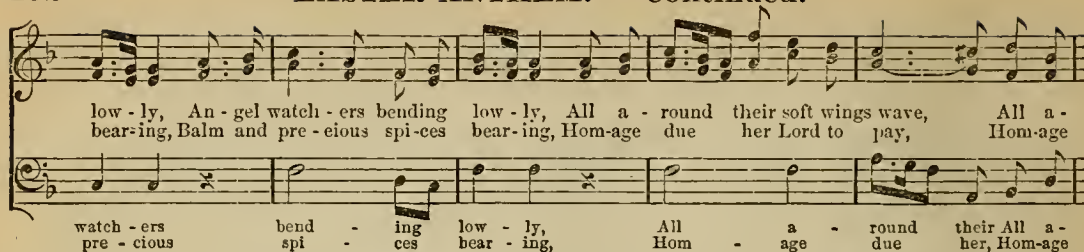
EASTER ANTHEM.

Arranged from F. ABR.

Andante. pp

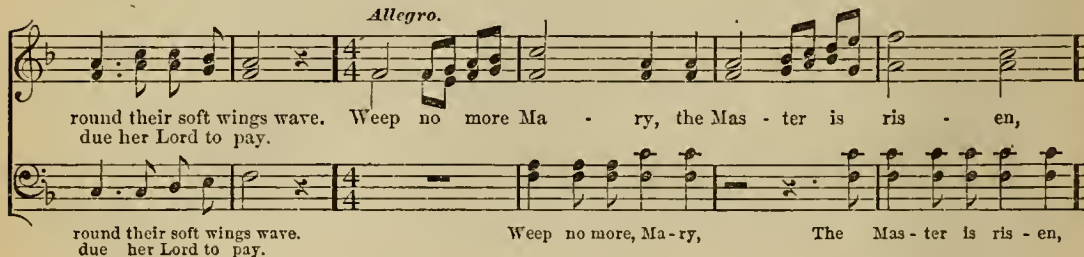


1. Midnight si - lence, hush'd and ho - ly, Rests up - on the Sa - vior's grave; Angel watchers bending
Sor - row - ful - ly to the gar den Ma - ry hastes ere break of day, Balm and precious spices



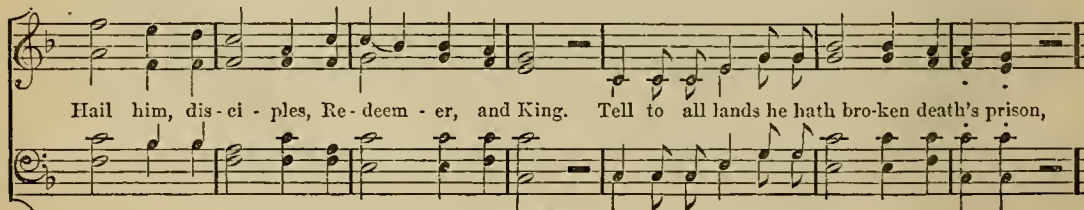
low - ly, An - gel watch - ers bending low - ly, All a - round their soft wings wave, All a -
 bear - ing, Balm and pre - cious spi - ces bear - ing, Hom - age due her Lord to pay, Hom - age

watch - ers bend - ing low - ly, All a - round their All a -
 pre - cious spi - ces bear - ing, Hom - age due her, Hom - age

Allegro.


round their soft wings wave. Weep no more Ma - ry, the Mas - ter is ris - en,
 due her Lord to pay.

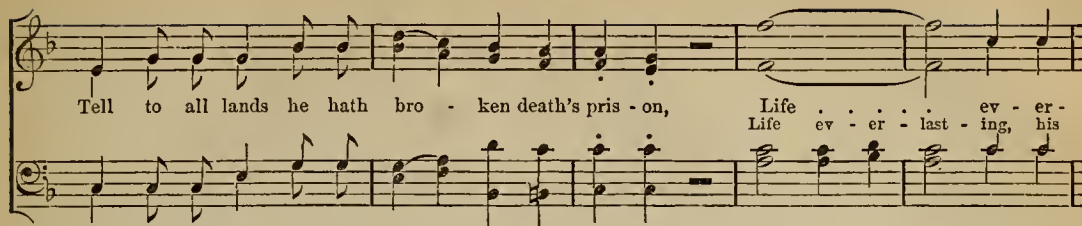
round their soft wings wave. Weep no more, Ma - ry, The Mas - ter is ris - en,
 due her Lord to pay.



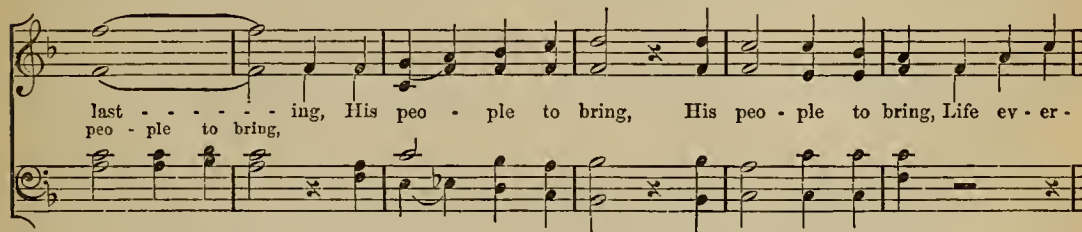
Hail him, dis - ci - ples, Re - deem - er, and King. Tell to all lands he hath bro - ken death's prison,

EASTER ANTHEM. Concluded.

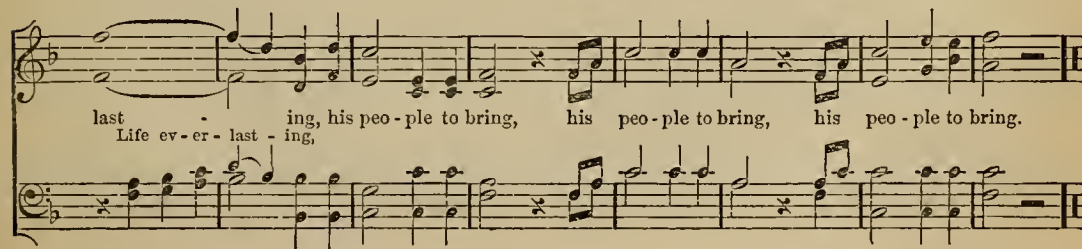
103



Tell to all lands he hath bro - ken death's pris - on, Life
Life ev - er : last - ing, his



last - - - - ing, His peo - ple to bring, His peo - ple to bring, Life ev - er -
peo - ple to bring,



last ing, his peo - ple to bring, his peo - ple to bring, his peo - ple to bring.
Life ev - er - last - ing,

LOOK ALOFT.

Music by JNO. B. SWENET.

Cheerfully.

1. When the heart has grown sick of the world's sin and blight, When hope seems departing and friends have grown cold,
 2. Should slan-der as-sail you or troubles a-rise, Stand firm to your ban-ner through sorrow and shame;
 3. When bil-lows of an-guish with mer-ci-less shock, Roll fiercely, and faith almost drowns in the wave,

Look a - loft,
 Look a - loft,
 Look a - loft,

Look a - loft,
 Look a - loft,
 Look a - loft,

to the rain-bow so bright, God's mes-sage of
 to your home in the skies, For he who re-
 to the Cross and the Rock, To the Sa-vior who

look a - loft, look a - loft,

CHORUS.

peace, set in pur-ple and gold! Look a - loft,
 deem'd you once suf-fer'd the same. Look a - loft, etc.
 stands ev-er rea-dy to save! Look a - loft, etc.

look a - loft, look a - loft, be not dis-

look a - loft,

look a - loft,

LOOK ALOFT. Concluded.

105

may'd, look a-loft, For the sweet promise giv-en us nev-er shall fail; With hope for our an-chor let

none be a-fraid, Look a - loft, Look a - loft, Look a - loft, Look a - loft, and we'll ride on the gale.

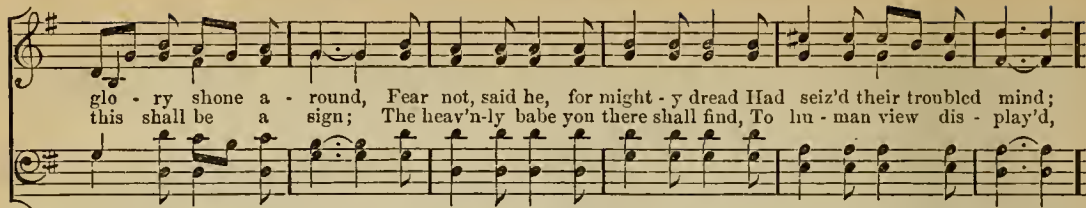
The musical score is written for two staves (treble and bass clef) in a key of B-flat major (two flats). It consists of two systems. The first system has four measures of music with lyrics underneath. The second system also has four measures of music with lyrics underneath. The music is a simple, rhythmic melody with a steady accompaniment.

ANTHEM FOR CHRISTMAS.

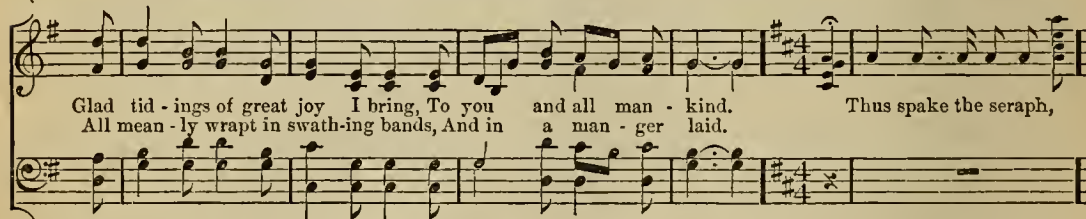
Arranged from J. C. BACKEL.

1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The angel of the Lord came down, And
 2. To you in Da-vid's town to-day, Is born of Da-vid's line, The Sa-vior, who is Christ the Lord, And

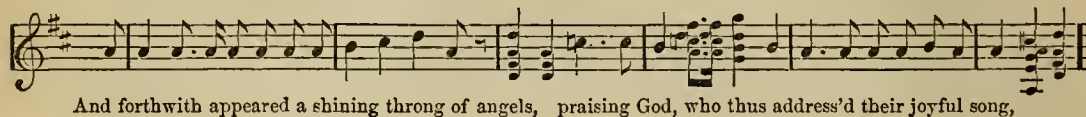
The musical score is written for two staves (treble and bass clef) in a key of D major (two sharps) and a time signature of 6/8. It consists of two systems. The first system has four measures of music with lyrics underneath. The second system also has four measures of music with lyrics underneath. The music is a simple, rhythmic melody with a steady accompaniment.



glo - ry shone a - round, Fear not, said he, for might - y dread Had seiz'd their troubled mind;
this shall be a sign; The heav'n-ly babe yon there shall find, To hu - man view dis - play'd,

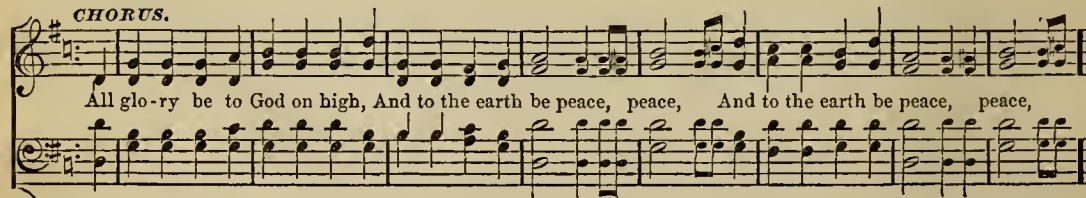


Glad tid - ings of great joy I bring, To you and all man - kind. Thus spake the seraph,
All mean - ly wrapt in swath-ing bands, And in a man - ger laid.



And forthwith appeared a shining throng of angels, praising God, who thus address'd their joyful song,

CHORUS.



All glo - ry be to God on high, And to the earth be peace, peace, And to the earth be peace, peace,

ANTHEM FOR CHRISTMAS. Concluded.

107

1st

And to the earth be peace, Good will henceforth from heav'n to men, Begin and never cease, never cease.

Omit 2d time.

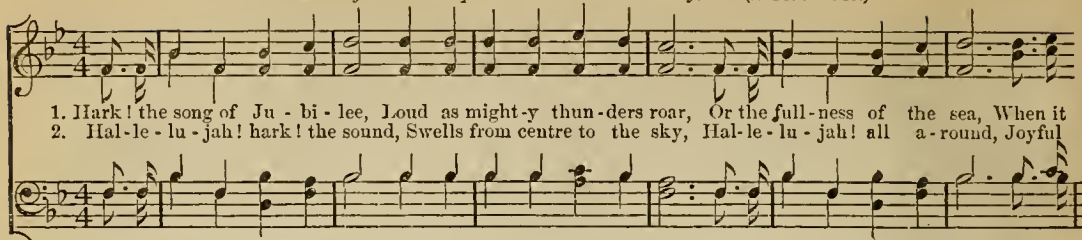
All glo - ry be to God, All glo - ry be to God And to the earth be peace,

2d time.

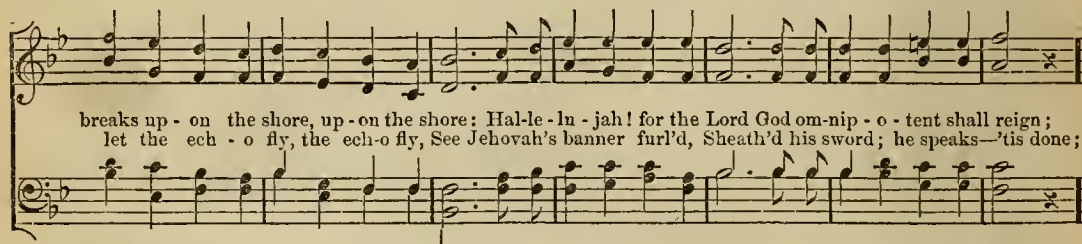
Be - gin and nev - er cease, and nev - er cease, and nev - er cease, and nev - er cease.

HARK! THE SONG OF JUBILEE.

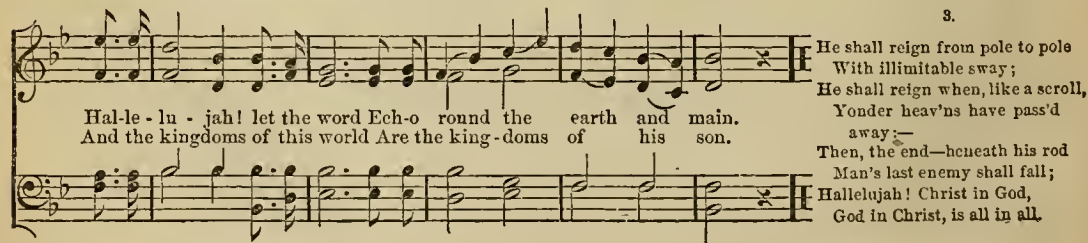
D. C. JOHN.

"For he must reign till he hath put all his enemies under his feet."—(II COR. II. 25.)


1. Hark! the song of Ju - bi - lee, Loud as might-y thun - ders roar, Or the full-ness of the sea, When it
2. Hal-le - lu - jah! hark! the sound, Swells from centre to the sky, Hal-le - lu - jah! all a - round, Joyful

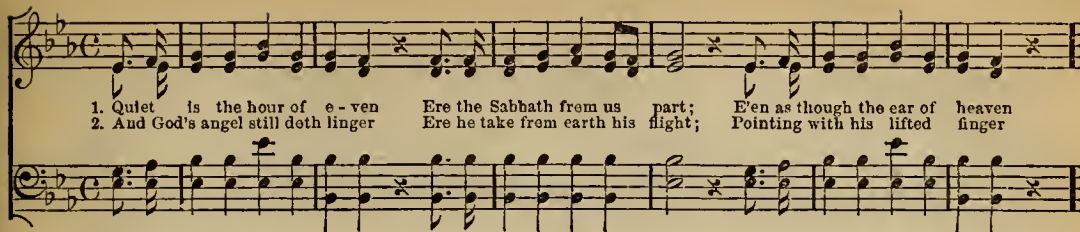


breaks up - on the shore, up - on the shore: Hal-le - lu - jah! for the Lord God om-nip - o - tent shall reign;
let the ech - o fly, the ech-o fly, See Jehovah's banner furl'd, Sheath'd his sword; he speaks—'tis done;

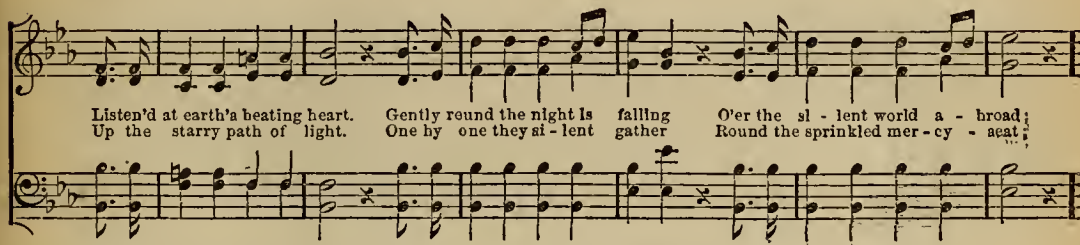


Hal-le - lu - jah! let the word Ech-o round the earth and main.
And the kingdoms of this world Are the king-doms of his son.

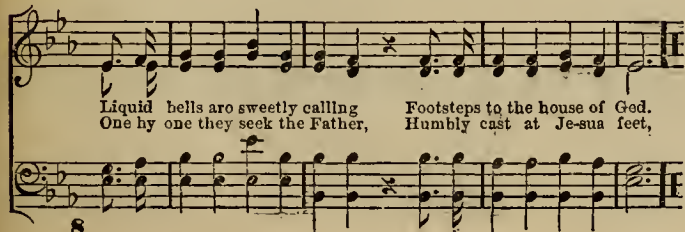
3.
He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heav'ns have pass'd
away;
Then, the end—henceath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.



1. Quiet is the hour of e - ven Ere the Sabbath from us part; E'en as though the ear of heaven
2. And God's angel still doth linger Ere he take from earth his flight; Pointing with his lifted finger



Listen'd at earth's beating heart. Gently round the night is falling O'er the sl - lent world a - broad;
Up the starry path of light. One by one they si - lent gather Round the sprinkled mer - cy - seat;



Liquid bells are sweetly calling Footsteps to the house of God.
One by one they seek the Father, Humbly cast at Je-sua feet,

8

3.

On the knee of deep contrition
Bends each soul in earnest prayer;
On the wings of strong petition
Waits to God its every care.
Listen to the hells sweet calling;
Thus the holy Sabbath crown;
And, as dews are gently falling,
Shall the peace of God come down,

OH, GLORIOUS HOPE OF PERFECT LOVE!

D. C. JOHN.

*"Whom having not seen, . . . yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."—(II PETER II. 8.)**Earnestly.*

1. Oh, glo - rious hope of per - fect love! It lifts me up to things a - bove, It bears on ea - gle's wings;
 2. Re - joic - ing now in ear - nest hope, I stand, and from the moun - tain top See all the land be - low;
 3. Oh, that I might at once go up! No more on this side Jor - dan stop, But now the land pos - sess;

It gives my rav - ish'd soul a taste, And makes me for some mo - ments feast With Je - sus' priests and kings.
 Riv - ers of milk and hon - ey rise, And all the fruits of Par - a - dise In end - less plen - ty grow.
 This mo - ment end my le - gal years; Sor - rows and sins, and doubts and fears, A howl - ing wil - der - ness.

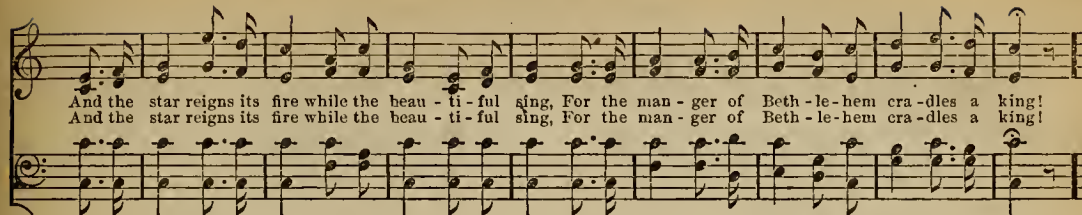
Words from "Scribner's Monthly."

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

D. C. JOHN.

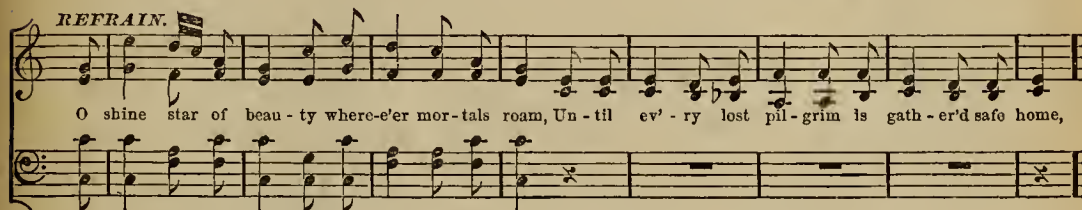
*"And lo! the star which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was."—(MATT. II. 9.)**Joyously.*

1. There's a song in the air, there's a star in the sky! There's a moth - er's deep pray'r and a ba - by's low cry!
 2. There's a tu - mult of joy, o'er the won - der - ful birth, For the Vir - gin's sweet hoy is the Lord of the earth;

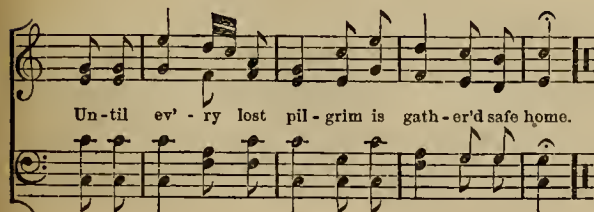


And the star reigns its fire while the beau - ti - ful sing, For the man - ger of Beth - le - hem cra - dles a king!
And the star reigns its fire while the beau - ti - ful sing, For the man - ger of Beth - le - hem cra - dles a king!

REFRAIN.



O shine star of beau - ty where-e'er mor - tals roam, Un - til ev' - ry lost pil - grim is gath - er'd safe home,



Un - til ev' - ry lost pil - grim is gath - er'd safe home.

3. In the light of that star lie the ages impearled,
And the song from afar has swept over the world,
Every heart is aflame, and the beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

Refrain.

4. We rejoice in the light, and we echo the song [throng;
That comes down thro' the night from the heav'nly
Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in his cradle our Savior and King.

Refrain.

"He that converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."—(JAMES v. 20.)

1. Souls are per-ish-ing be-fore thee, Save, save one! It may be thy crown of glo-ry,
2. Not in thy own strength confiding, Save, save one! Faith and pray'r thy efforts guiding,

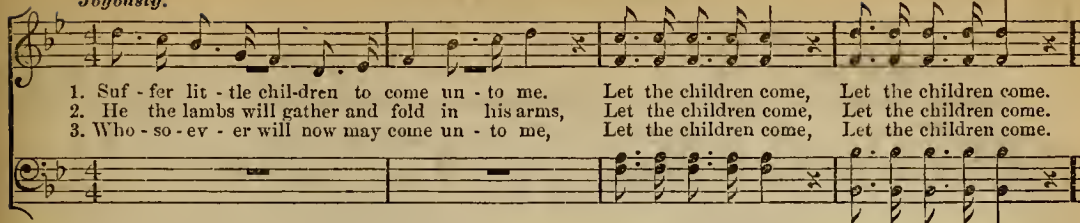
Save, save one! From the waves that would devour, From the rag-ing li-on's pow-er,
Save, save one! None can e'er, un-less pos-sess-ing Heav'n-ly aid and heav'nly blessing,

3.
Who the worth of souls can measure?
Save, save one!
Who can count the priceless treasure?
Save, save one!
Like the star shall shine forever
Those who faithfully endeavor
Dying sinners to deliver;
Save, save one!

LET THE LITTLE CHILDREN COME.

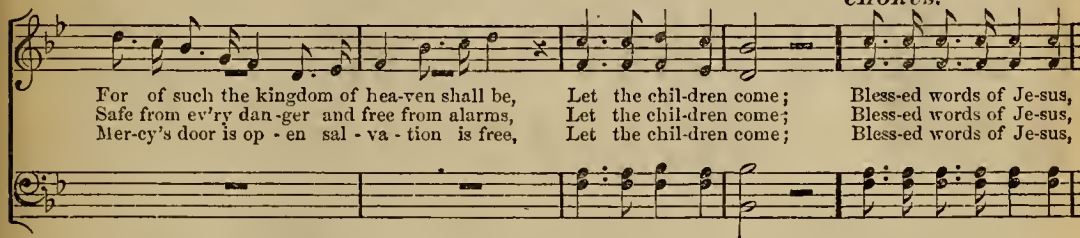
Words and Music by
I. L. ANDREWS. 113

Joyously.

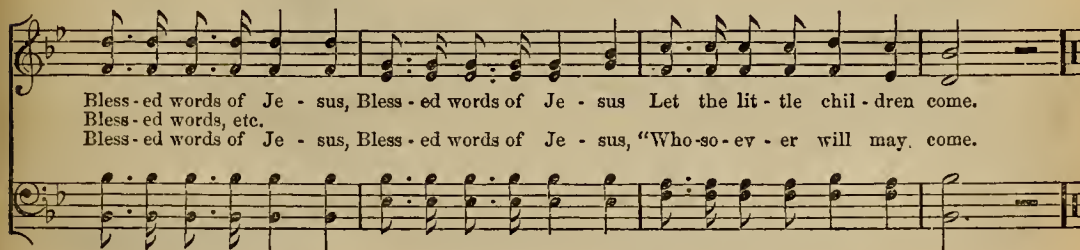


1. Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren to come un - to me. Let the children come, Let the children come.
2. He the lambs will gather and fold in his arms, Let the children come, Let the children come.
3. Who - so - ev - er will now may come un - to me, Let the children come, Let the children come.

CHORUS.



For of such the kingdom of hea - ven shall be, Let the chil - dren come; Bless - ed words of Je - sus,
Safe from ev'ry dan - ger and free from alarms, Let the chil - dren come; Bless - ed words of Je - sus,
Mer - cy's door is op - en sal - va - tion is free, Let the chil - dren come; Bless - ed words of Je - sus,



Bless - ed words of Je - sus, Bless - ed words of Je - sus Let the lit - tle chil - dren come.
Bless - ed words, etc.
Bless - ed words of Je - sus, Bless - ed words of Je - sus, "Who - so - ev - er will may. come.

THE SAFE RETREAT.

Music by
JNO. B. SWEET.

1. Come lay your burdens, wea-ry soul, On him who makes the wounded whole; He'll bear them all, and

CHORUS,

count you meet, To rest from sor-rows at his feet. In blest a-bode where Christians meet,

The happy home, the safe re-treat, With joyful hearts the song re-peat, While angels swell the echo sweet.

2. No cares, no toils, no fears, no pain,
Shall mar this joyous "welcome in,"
Sin ne'er can reach the safe retreat,
The cooling shade, where Christians meet.

3. The toils of earth, its cares and strife,
The weary woes, the pains of life,
We may on earth, almost forget
In fortaste of the coming feast.—*Cho.*

4. Oh, happy home, where Jesus is,
The light, the life, the joy, the bliss,
Wash'd in his blood, with joy we come,
To join the rapt'rous, happy throng.—*Cho.*

O LOVE DIVINE HOW SWEET THOU ART.

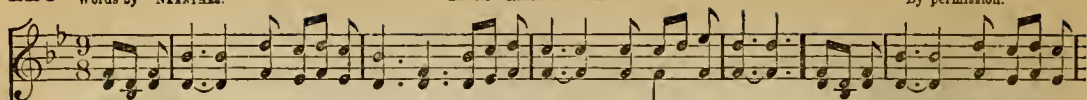
D. C. JOHN. 115

"O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!"—(ROM. xi. 33.)

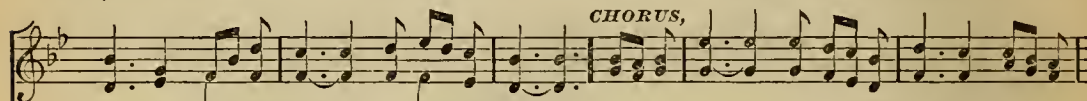
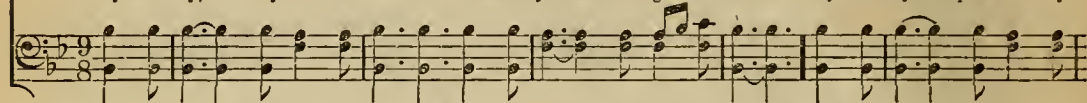
1. O love . . . di - vine, How sweet . . . thou art, . . . When shall . . . I
 O love di - vine, how sweet thou art, When
 find . . . my wil - ling heart, . . . All ta - ken up by thee:
 shall I find, my wil - ling heart,
 I thirst, I faint, I die to prove The greatness of re-deem-ing love, The love of Christ to me.

2. Stronger his love than death or hell;
 Its riches are unsearchable;
 The first born sons of light
 Desire in vain its depths to see.
 They cannot reach the mystery,
 The length, the breadth, the height.

3. God only knows the love of God.
 O that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor stormy heart.
 For love I sigh, for love I pine;
 This only portion, Lord, be mine,
 Be mine this better part.



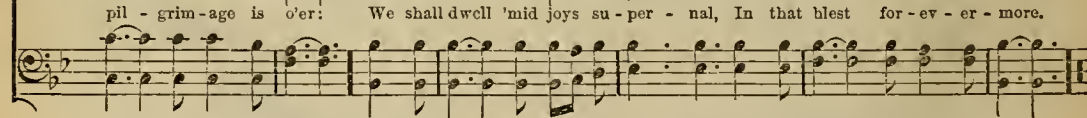
1. By-and-by, O fee-ble heart-ed, By-and-by the storm will cease, And the fierce and wrathful
2. By-and-by, why thus disheart-en'd 'Neath thy cross of grief and sin? By-and-by press bravely



tem-pest, Then will be e-ter-nal peace. By-and-by, what bliss, what com-fort, When life's
on-ward, You that gle-ri-ous goal shall win! By-and-by, etc.



pil-grim-age is o'er: We shall dwell 'mid joys su-per-nal, In that blest for-ev-er-more.



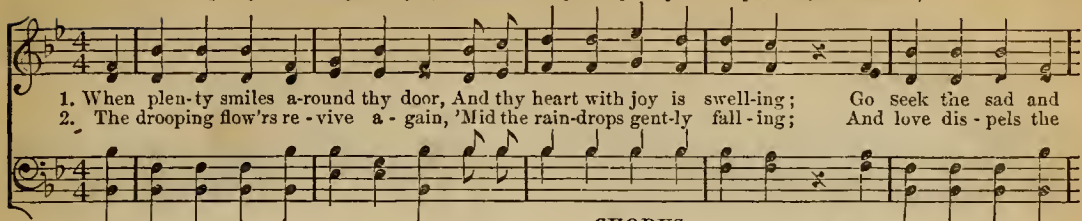
3. Doth the way seem dark before thee?
Doth life's sky look black and drear?
By-and-by those clouds will vanish,
Trusting wait, and never fear.—*Chorus.*

4. By-and-by that joyful summons,
Christ shall send to call thee home;
'Mid life's sorrows sweetly sounding,
Rise, my weary child, and come.—*Chorus.*

O BE KIND TO THE POOR.

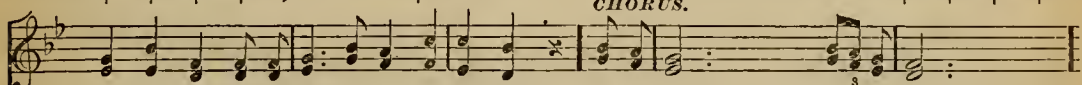
D. C. JOHN. 117

"The poor ye have always with you, and whosoever ye will ye may do them good."—(MARK xlv. 7.)

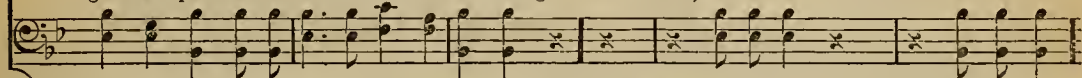


1. When plen-ty smiles a-round thy door, And thy heart with joy is swelling; Go seek the sad and
2. The drooping flow'rs re-vive a-gain, 'Mid the rain-drops gent-ly fall-ing; And love dis-pels the

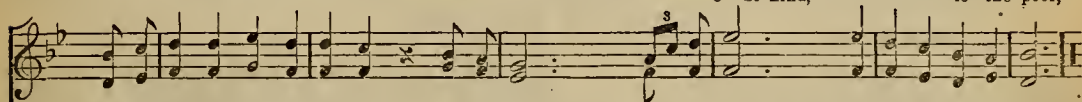
CHORUS.



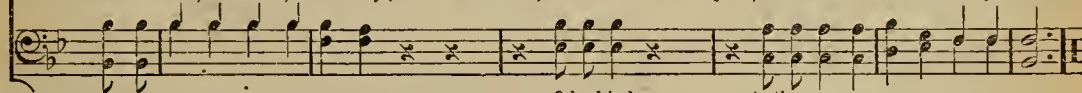
suff'ring poor, In their lone and dreary dwelling. O be kind to the poor,
grief and pain Of the heart when almost breaking. O be kind, etc.



O be kind, to the poor,



To the sick, the faint, the weary; O be kind, . . . to the poor, . . . and God will bless your store.



O be kind, to the poor.

3. The Savior left his poor below,
Committed to thy keeping;
O heed their cry and thou shalt know
The blessedness of giving.—Chorus.

4. If thou wilt share thy bounteous store,
With the sick, the poor, the needy;
The Lord will bless thee more and more,
And in distress relieve thee.—Chorus.

SPRING CAROL.

D. C. JOHN.

"For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.—(SOL. SONG, ii, 11, 12.)

1. When verdure clothes the fertile vale, And blossom's deck the° spray; When fragrance breathes in

ev' - ry gale, How sweet the ver - nal day.

2. Hark! how the feather'd warblers sing;
'Tis nature's cheerful voice;
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.

3. How kind the influence of the skies!
The show'rs, with blessings fraught,
Bid nature, beauty, fragrance, rise,
And fix the roving heart.

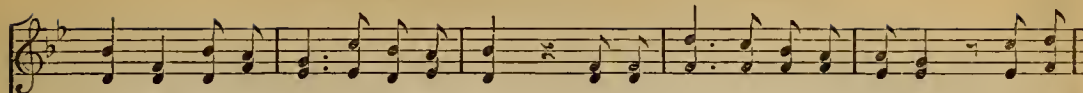
Words arranged for this work.

AUTUMN REVERIE.

D. C. JOHN.

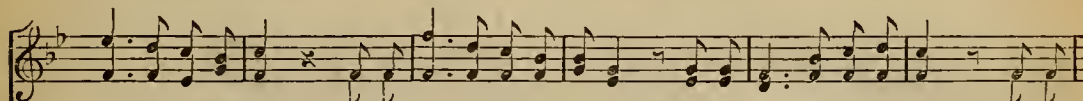
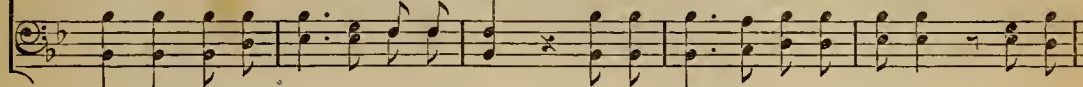
"We all do fade as a leaf."—(ISAIAH. lxi. 6.)

1. They are fall - ing sad - ly fall - ing, Thick a - long the for - est side; Sev - er'd from the no - ble
2. They are fall - ing on the stream - let, Where the sil - v'ry wa - ters flow; And up - on its pla - cid
3. They are fall - ing, ev - er fall - ing, When the Au - tumn breez - es sigh; When the stars in beau - ty

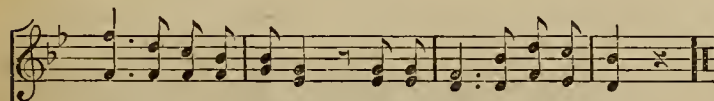
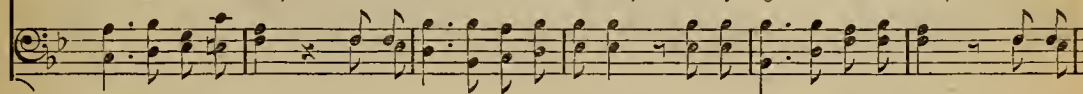


branch - es, Where they war'd in beau-teous pride.
bos - om, On-ward with the wa-ters go.
glis - ten, Bright up - on the mid-night sky,

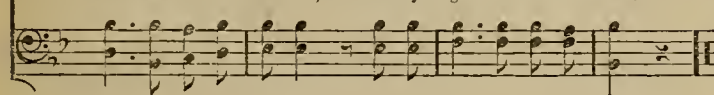
They are fall - ing in the val - lies, Where the
They are fall - ing in the churchyard, Where our
They are fall - ing when the tem - pest Moans like



ear - ly vio-lets bloom; Where the birds in ear-ly Spring-time, First their dul - cet mu - sic sing, Where the
kin-dred sweetly sleep; Where the i - dle winds of Summer, Soft-ly o'er the lov'd ones sweep; Where the
o - cean's hol-low roar; When the tune-less winds and billows, Sad-ly sigh for - ev - er - more; When the



birds in ear-ly Spring-time, First their dul - cet mu - sic sing.
i - dle winds of Summer, Soft-ly o'er the lov'd one's sweep.
tune-less winds and billows, Sad-ly sigh for - ev - er - more.



4.

They are falling all around us,
Old and young, and grave and gay;
And our saddened hearts remind us
That we, too, must pass away.
Savior bring us to thy kingdom,
To that green and fadeless shore,
Where thy saints shall dwell in beauty,
Evermore, forevermore.
Where thy saints shall dwell in beauty,
Evermore, forevermore.

The Lord is in his ho - ly tem-ple, The Lord is in his ho - ly tem-ple;

This musical score is for the hymn 'The Lord is in his holy temple'. It is written for a two-part setting (Soprano and Bass) in 3/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics 'The Lord is in his ho - ly tem-ple, The Lord is in his ho - ly tem-ple;' written below the notes. The bass line provides a steady accompaniment.

Let all the earth keep si-lence, keep si-lence, keep si-lence be - fore him.

This musical score continues the hymn with the lyrics 'Let all the earth keep si-lence, keep si-lence, keep si-lence be - fore him.' It maintains the same two-part setting in 3/4 time with one sharp. The melody features a long, sustained note for the word 'before' followed by a dotted line, indicating a pause or a long note. The bass line continues with a steady accompaniment.

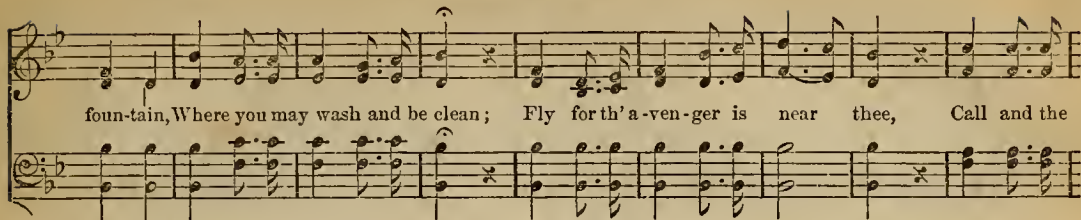
Words from O. Drsson & Co.
By permission.

FLEE AS A BIRD TO THE MOUNTAIN.

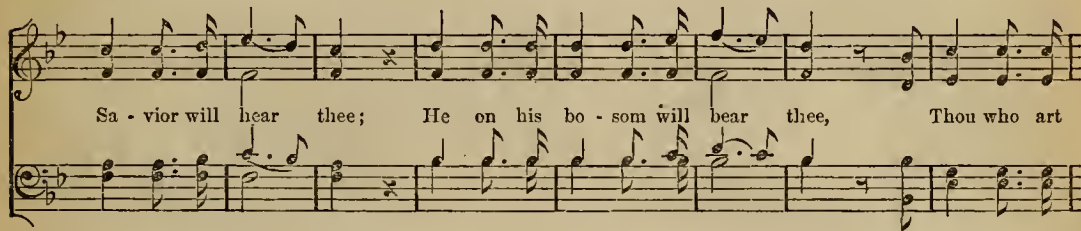
D. C. JOHN.

1. Flee as a bird to the moun-tain, Thou who art wea - ry of sin; Go to the clear flow-ing

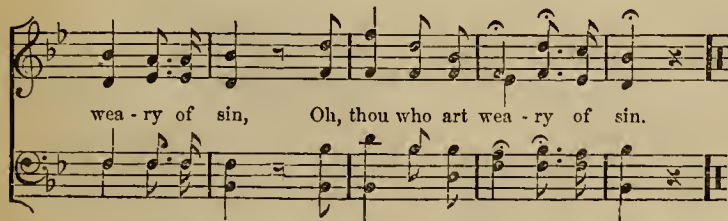
This musical score is for the hymn 'Flee as a bird to the mountain'. It is written for a two-part setting (Soprano and Bass) in 2/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The melody is more rhythmic and active than the first hymn, with the lyrics '1. Flee as a bird to the moun-tain, Thou who art wea - ry of sin; Go to the clear flow-ing' written below the notes. The bass line provides a steady accompaniment.



four-tain, Where you may wash and be clean; Fly forth' a-ven-ger is near thee, Call and the



Sa - vior will hear thee; He on his bo - som will bear thee, Thou who art



wea - ry of sin, Oh, thou who art wea - ry of sin.

2.

He will protect thee forever,
Wipe every falling tear;
He will forsake thee, O, never,
Sheltered so tenderly there.
Haste, then, the moments are flying,
Spend not thy hours idly sighing;
Cease from thy sorrow and crying,
The Savior will wipe every tear,
The Savior will wipe every tear.

IT MAY BE IN THE EVENING.

D. C. JOHN.

"Be ye therefore ready also, for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not,"—(LUKE xii. 40.)

1. It may be in the ev'ning, When the work of day is done; It may be when the
 2. It may be when the mid-night Is hea-vy on the land; When the waves are moan-ing

twi-light Is soft-ly steal-ing on; When the long, bright day dies slowly, And the hour grows calm and
 sad-ly A-long the o-cean strand; When the lamps are burning faintly, And the weary world breathes

ho-ly, I will come, I will come,
 softly, I will come, I will come.

3.

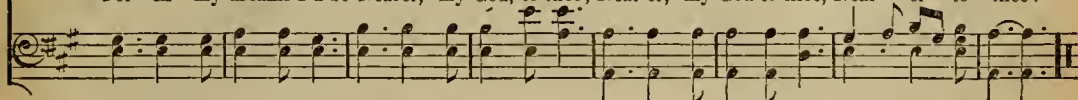
It may be at cock-crowing,
 When upon the eastern sky
 The first faint gleam of dawning,
 Proclaims that morn is nigh;
 In the hour of slumber heavy,
 When the world doth least expect me,
 I will come, I will come.



1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, to thee! E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me;
 2. Though like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness comes o - ver me, My rest a stone;



Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee; Near - er, my God to thee, Near - er to thee!
 Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to thee; Near - er, my God to thee, Near - er to thee!



3. There let my way appear,
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that thou sendest me,
 In mercy given:
 Angels to beckon me,
 Nearer, my God, to thee;
 Nearer, my God, to thee;
 Nearer to thee.

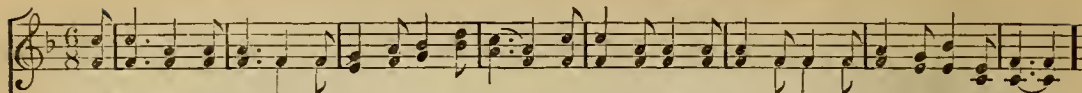
4. Or, if on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky;
 Sun, Moon, and Stars forgot,
 Upward I fly:
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee;
 Nearer, my God, to thee;
 Nearer to thee.

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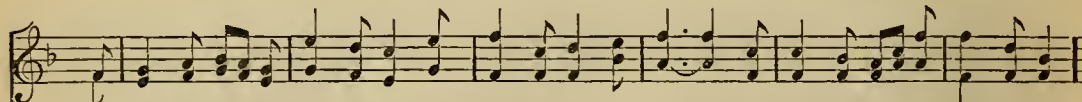
4. It may be in the morning,
 When the sun is bright and strong;
 When the flow'rs with dew are bending,
 And the fields resound with song;
 When the world doth softly woo thee,
 Let it win thee not from me,
 For I will come, I will come.

5. Then let thy loins be girded,
 Ever ready to obey;
 Let thy lamp be trimmed and burning,
 For I will not long delay;
 Be it midnight, noon, or morning,
 Blest are they who are found watching,
 When I come, when I come.

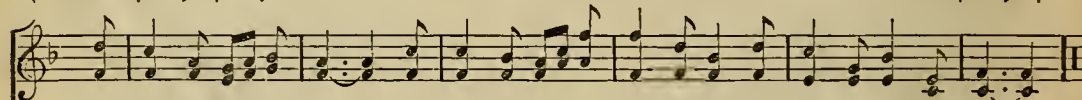
"I do set my bow in the clouds, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth."—(GEN. ix. 13.)



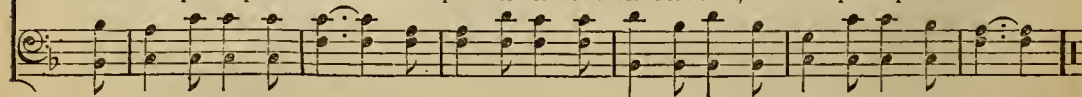
1. The Rainbow, the Rainbow, The beauteous Bow of Peace; Upon the angry storm-cloud bends, A pledge, that storms shall cease;
 2. The Rainbow, the Rainbow, God's cov-e-nant with men, Assures us in the dark-est hour, The sun shall shine again;
 3. The Rainbow, the Rainbow, God's pledge of faithfulness; It tells of high-er hopes and fears, Of cov-e-nant-ed grace;



That bud and blossom shall un-fold, When win-ter's reign is o'er; And har-vest crown the cir-cle year,
 Though lightning, flood, and tempest rage, They'll soon be o-ver-past, And the bright bow ex-pand a-bove
 And as it gilds the storm-cloud's crest, With bright and gorgeous span, It speaks of love and wrath combin'd,




Till time shall be no more: And har-vest crown the cir-cle year, 'Till time shall be no more.
 The wreck-path of the blast: And the bright bow ex-pand a-bove The wreck-path of the blast.
 And whis-pers hope to man: It speaks of love and wrath combin'd, And whis-pers hope to man.



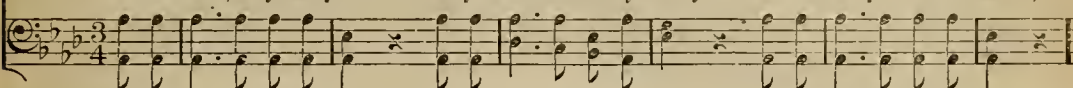
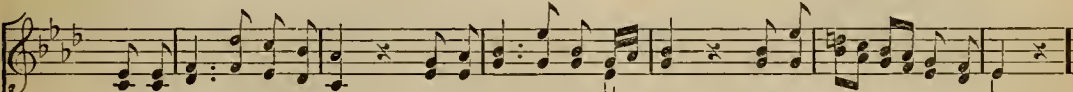
WHY WILL YE DIE?

D. C. JOHN. 125

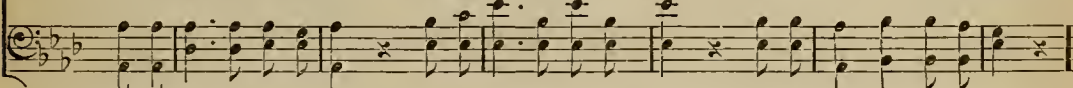
"Turn ye, . . . for why will ye die, O house of Israel."—(EZEKIEL xviii. 32.)




1. Sin-ners turn; why will ye die? God, your Maker asks you why? God, who did your being give,
2. Sin-ners turn; why will ye die? God your Sa-vior asks you why? He who did your souls retrieve,

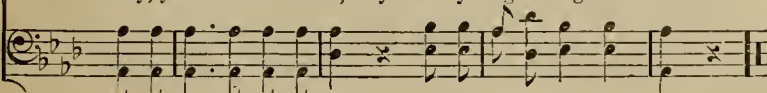
Made you with himself to live; He the fa - tal cause demands; Asks the work of his own hands,—
Died himself that you might live. Will ye let him die in vain? Cru-ci - fy your Lord again?



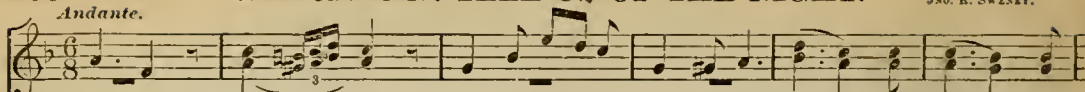
3.



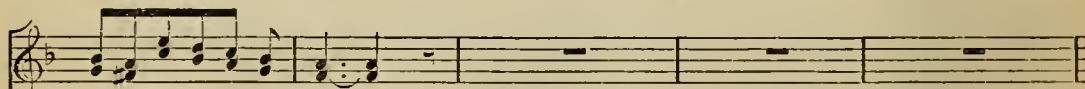
Turn, he cries, ye sinners, turn,
By his life your God hath sworn;
He would have you turn and live;
He would all the world receive.
If your death were his delight
Would he still to life invite?
Would he ask, beseech, and cry—
Why will ye resolve to die?



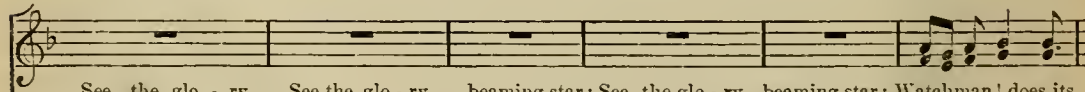
Why, ye thankless sinners, why Will ye cross his love and die?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why Will ye slight his grace and die?

Andante.


1. Watchman! Watch - man! Watchman tell us of the night, What its signs of
 2. Watchman! Watch - man! Watchman tell us of the night, For the morn - ing that
 3. Watchman! Watch - man! Watchman tell us of the night, I ligh - er yet that



prom - ise are, Travel-er! o'er yon moun-tain height, See the glo - ry,
 seems to dawn, Travel-er! dark-ness takes its flight, Doubt and ter - ror,
 star as - cends, Travel-er! bless - ed - ness and light, Peace and truth,

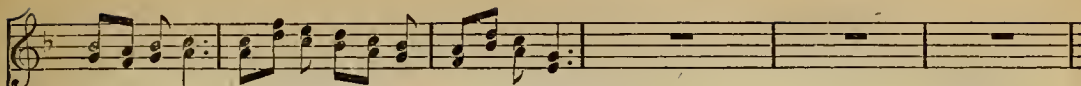


See the glo - ry, See the glo - ry beaming star; See the glo - ry beaming star; Watchman! does its
 Doubt and ter - ror, Doubt and terror are withdrawn, Doubt and terror are withdrawn; Watchman! will its
 Peace and truth, Peace and truth its course portends, Peace and truth its course portends; Watchman! let thy

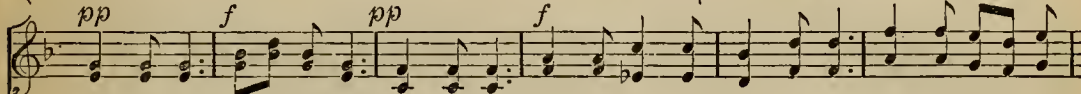
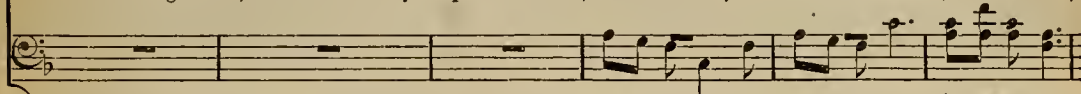
WATCHMAN! TELL US OF THE NIGHT.

Concluded.

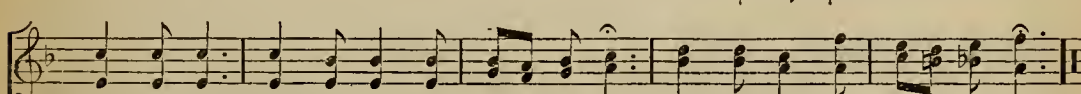
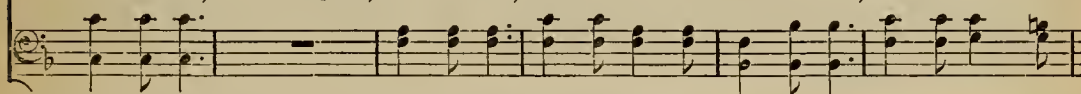
127



beauteous ray, Aught of hope or joy for-tell? Traveler! yes, it brings the day, Promis'd day,
beams a-lone, Gild the spot that gave them birth? Traveler! a- ges are its own, See, it bursts,
wand'rings cease; Hie thee to thy qui - et home; Traveler! Lo, the Prince of Peace; Lo: the Son,



Prom - is'd day, Prom - is'd day, Prom - is'd day, Prom - is'd day of Is - ra - el, Prom - is'd day of
See, it bursts, See, it bursts, See it bursts, See it bursts o'er all the earth, See it bursts o'er
Lo! the Son, Lo! the Son, Lo! the Son, Lo! the Son of God is come, Lo! the Son of



Is - ra - el, Travel - er, yes it brings the day, Prom - is'd day of Is - ra - el.
all the earth, Travel - er a - ges are its own, See it bursts o'er all the earth.
God is come, Travel - er, lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come.



1. Deathless spir - it, now a - rise; Soar thou na - tive of the skies— Pearl of price by Je - sus bought,
2. An - gels joy - ful to at - tend, Hov'ring round thy pillow bend; Wait to catch the sig - nal giv'n,

To his glorions like-ness wrought. Go to shine before the throne; Deck the Me - di - a - tor's crown;
And con-vey thee quick to heav'n. Burst thy shackles; drop the clay; Sweet-ly breathe thyself a-way.

3. See the haven full in view;
Love divine shall bear thee through;
Trnst to that propitious gale;
Weigh thine anchor, spread thy sail.
Saints in glory, perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade;
Swiftly to their wish be given;
Kindle higher joy in heaven.

* Small notes for 2d hymn, on opposite page.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

Arranged. 129

Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise him all creatures here below, Praise him all creatures here below;

Praise him above, Praise him above, Praise him above ye heavenly host,
Praise him above, Praise him above, Praise him above ye heavenly host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Music on opposite page.

LITTLE BEAM OF ROSY LIGHT.

From "Notes of Joy." By permission.

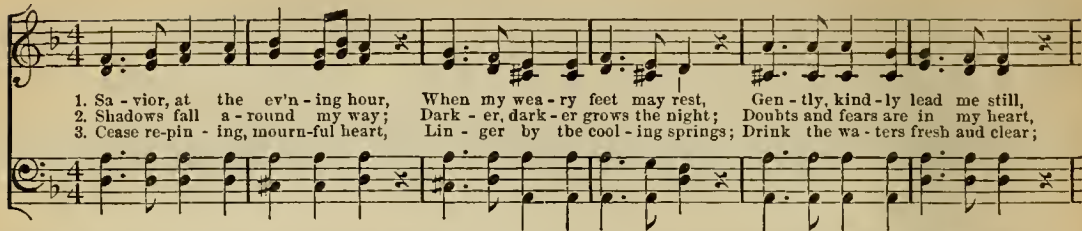
1. Little beam of rosy light,
Who has made you shine so bright?
Little bird with golden wing,
Who has taught you how to sing?

Chorus:

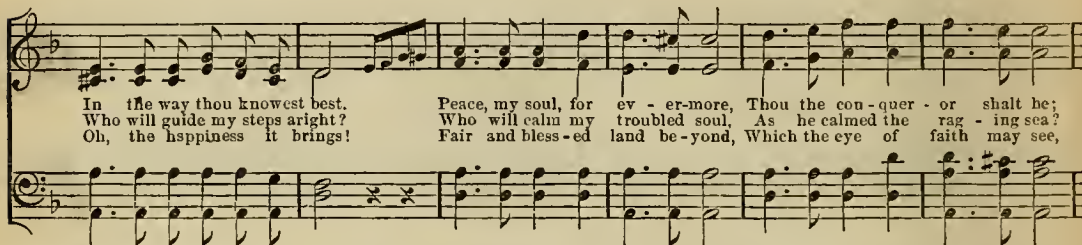
'Tis our Father, 'tis our Father,
'Tis our Father, God above;
'Tis our Father, 'tis our Father,
'Tis our Father, he is love.

2. Little blossom, sweet and rare,
Who has made you bloom so fair?
Little streamlet in the dell,
Who has made you, can you tell?—*Chorus.*

3. Little child with face so bright,
Who has made your heart so light?
Who has taught you how to sing,
Like the merry birds of Spring?—*Chorus.*

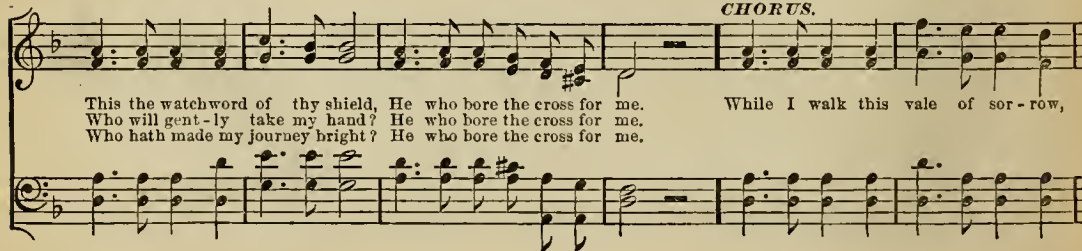
"Lo I am with you always even unto the end of the world."—(MATT. xxviii., 20.)


1. Sa - vior, at the ev'n - ing hour, When my wea - ry feet may rest, Gen - tly, kind - ly lead me still,
2. Shadows fall a - round my way; Dark - er, dark - er grows the night; Doubts and fears are in my heart,
3. Cease re - pin - ing, mourn - ful heart, Lin - ger by the cool - ing springs; Drink the wa - ters fresh and clear;



In the way thou knowest best. Peace, my soul, for ev - er - more, Thou the con - quer - or shalt be;
Who will guide my steps aright? Who will calm my troubled soul, As he calmed the rag - ing sea?
Oh, the happiness it brings! Fair and bless - ed land be - yond, Which the eye of faith may see,

CHORUS.



This the watchword of thy shield, He who bore the cross for me. While I walk this vale of sor - row,
Who will gent - ly take my hand? He who bore the cross for me.
Who hath made my journey bright? He who bore the cross for me.

Through thy gates, e - ter - ni - ty, He a - lone can be my refuge; He who bore the cross for me.

JUST AS I AM.

D. C. JOHN.

"Not of works, lest any man should boast."—(EPHESIANS, ii., 9.)

Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for
Just as I am, and wait - ing not, To rid my soul of one dark
Just as I am, though toss'd a - bout, With many a con - flict, many a

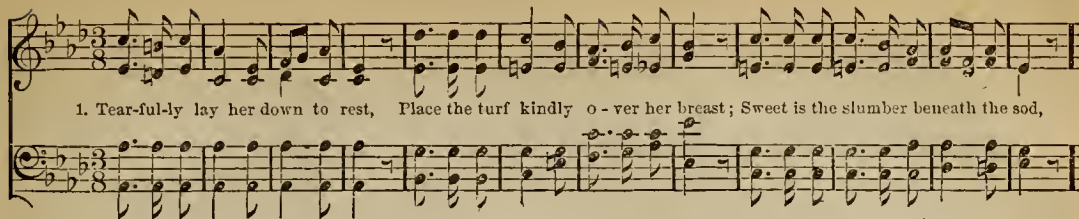
me, And that thou bidst me come to thee, O, Lamb of God, I come, O, Lamb of God, I come.
blot; To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O, Lamb of God, I come, O, Lamb of God, I come.
doubt; Fightings with-in and fears with-out, O, Lamb of God, I come, O, Lamb of God, I come.

Vary style according to sentiment.

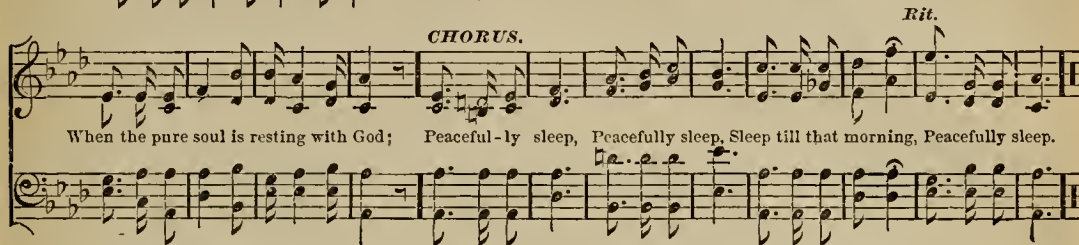
1. 'Twas in the shrill December, When the sun - sets pal - lid gold, Wrapt with a chil - ly splendor,
 2. "Oh, do you think Kriss Kinkle Will bring us a Christmas tree," He lisped, "and will he remember

The hill - tops far and cold; My winsome, blue - eyed Ben - ny, With cheeks all flushed with play,
 A lit - tle boy like me;" What would my dar - ling wish for, To hang on the Christmas tree?

3. All day I held my darling,
 His faint red lips apart;
 His golden clustered ringlets
 Pressed close against my heart.
 And when the wintry sunshine
 Streamed o'er his forehead white,
 He smiled and whisper'd, "Mamma,
 Will the Christ-child come to-
 night?"



1. Tear-ful-ly lay her down to rest, Place the turf kindly o-ver her breast; Sweet is the slumber beneath the sod,



CHORUS.

Rit.

When the pure soul is resting with God; Peaceful-ly sleep, Peacefully sleep, Sleep till that morning, Peacefully sleep.

2. Close to her lone and narrow house,
Gracefully wave ye willow boughs;
Flowers of the wildwood your odors shed,
Over the holy, beautiful dead.—*Chorus.*

3. Quietly sleep, oh, maiden fair,
Safe in thy Savior's guardian care;
Rest till the trump from the op'ning skies,
Bid thee from dust to glory arise.—*Chorus.*

Concluded from opposite page.

4. "Now sing to me, dear mamma,
The hymn that I love best,
How Jesus loves the children,
And folds them to his breast;"
And I sang, till, sweet and softly,
The angels closed his eyes,
And bore his loving spirit
Up to his native skies.

5. 'Twas Christmas eve, and softly
The sunset's purple sheen
Enrob'd the far bleak hill slopes,
And the quiet vales between:
And a shadow—not of twilight—
O'er the sad household fell,
As smote the ev'ning silence
The boom of a passing bell.

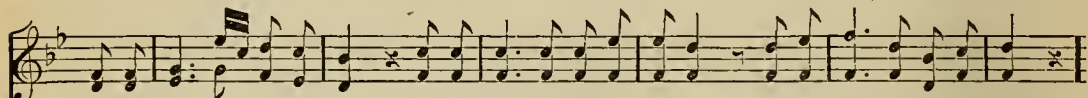
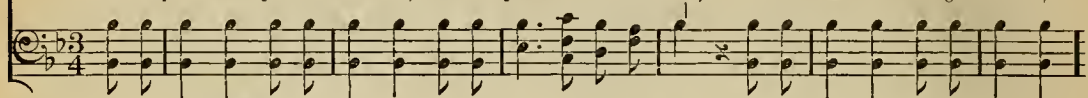
6. Far out upon the hillside
The winds of winter rave,
And th' brooding moonlight covers
The little, lonely grave;
And I mourn for loving Benny,
So tenderly laid away,
In the Christmas box he wished for,
And the narrow house of clay.

CHEER UP, BROTHER.

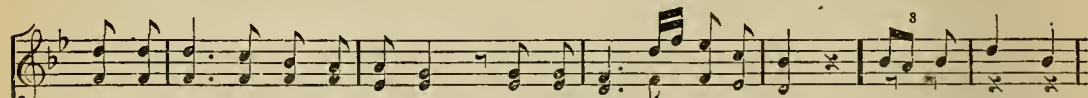
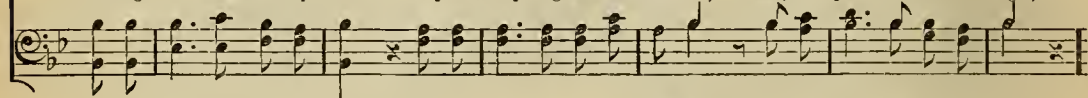
D. C. JOHN.



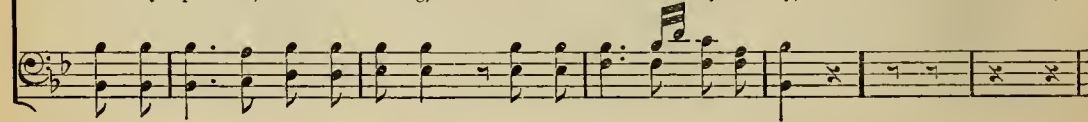
1. Cheer up, brother, cease re - pin - ing, O'er each life the shadows fall; Clouds but hide a brighter morrow,
2. Have you loved with true af - fec - tion? Has that love been turned to pain? Treasure up its sweet re - mem - brance,
3. Look be - yond the present shadows, Let the past its mem'ries hide; Soon we'll hear the an - gel chorus,



God's sweet sunlight shines for all. Is thy bur - den ve - ry hea - vy? Bear it yet without a sigh;
It shall bud and bloom a - gain. There's a fu - ture rest con - tent - ed; Ho - ly love can nev - er die;
Rolling o'er the stormy tide: Hope is whisp'ring words of comfort, See, the peaceful shores are nigh;



There's a prom - ise in the fu - ture, Of a bright - er by and by, Bless - ed prom - ise,
Sweet re - turns it yet shall bring you, In a com - ing by and by, Rest for - ev - er,
Calm thy spir - it, rest is coming, Rest for - ev - er by and by, Rest for - ev - er,



Of a bright er

Bless - ed promise, Of a bright-er by and by, Of a brighter by and by.
 Rest for ev - er, Rest for - ev - er by and by, Rest for - ev - er by and by.

Rest for - ev - er

Words by J. J. REED.

ARMSTRONG.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Spir - it of God descend, descend, And dwell with-in this house of thine; The teaching of thy word at-
 2. Re - vive thy work! Teach us to pray; The cleansing blood of Christ im-part; Wash all the stains of guilt a-

tend And shed on all the light di - vine.
 way, And make us pure in life and heart.

3. Revive us, Lord! our zeal inspire;
 Let us thy great salvation see;
 Fill now each heart with quenchless fire,
 In faith and hope to toil for Thee.
4. Come, Holy Ghost! light, life, and peace!
 Diffuse Thyself in every breast;
 Thy love impart—its joys increase—
 And bide with us a constant guest.

"The heathen shall be given to him for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession."

1. When shall the voice of sing - ing Flow joy - ful - ly a - long? When hill and val - ley ring - ing

With one tri - um - phant song, Pro - claim the con - test end - ed, And Him who once was slain,

A - gain to earth de - scend - ed, In righteousness to reign.

2. Then from the craggy mountains
 The sacred shout shall fly;
 And shady vales and fountains
 Shall echo the reply.
 High tower and lowly dwelling
 Shall send the chorus round,
 All hallelujah swelling
 In one eternal sound!

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

Words and Music by
I. L. ANDREWS.

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Gently.

1. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work, for the day is bright, Gath-er the sheaves in quickly,

CHORUS.

Reap for the fields are white. Ga-ther the sheaves in quickly, Gather from the hill-side and plain,

Search, too, the by-ways and hedges, Gather in the gold-en grain.

Repeat *p*

2. Now is the time to labor,
Now is th' accepted hour;
Work for the soul's salvation;
Pray for the Spirit's pow'r.
3. Work, for the master calleth,
Work, till the day is done;
Then, with the victor's laurels,
Ye shall be welcomed home.

Words by MRS. BISHOP THOMPSON.

D. C. JOHN.

"Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already unto harvest."—(JOHN iv., 35.)

1. The Mas-ter hath need of the reapers, And, mourner, he call-eth to thee; Come out from the
 2. The Mas-ter hath need of the reapers, And, id-ler, he call-eth to thee; Come out of the

val-ley of sor-row, Look up to the hill-tops, and see How the fields with the har-vest are whit'ning;
 mansions of pleasure, From the pal-ace of rev-el-ry flee; Soon the sha-dows of eve will be falling.

How golden and full is the grain; Oh, what are thy wants to the summons? And what are thy griefs and thy pain?
 With the mists and the dews and the rain; Oh, what are the world and its follies, To the mold and the rust of the grain?

1. From ev' - ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev' - ry swell - ing tide of woes,
 2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads,—
 3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds fel - low - ship with friend;
 4. There, there, on ea - gle wings we soar, And sense and sin mo - lest no more,

There is a calm, a sure re - treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.
 A place than all be sides more sweet; It is the blood - bought mer - cy - seat.
 Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy - seat.
 And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, While glo - ry crowns the mer - cy - seat.

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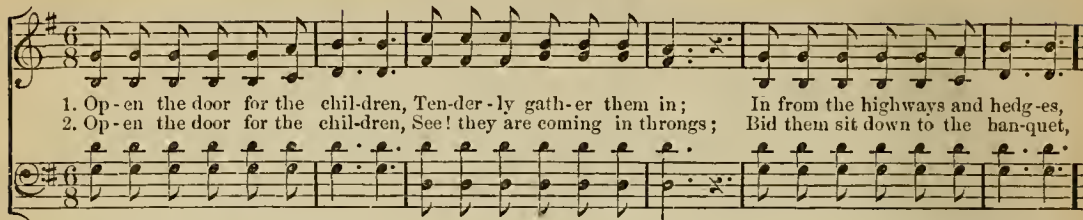
3. The Master hath need of the reapers,
 And, worker, he calleth to thee;
 Oh, what are thy dreams of ambition
 To the joys that hereafter shall be?
 There are tokens of storms that are coming,
 And summer is fast on the wane;
 Then, alas! for the hopes of the harvest,
 And, alas! for the beautiful grain.

4. The Master hath need of the reapers,
 And he calleth for you and for me;
 Oh, haste, while the winds of the morning
 Are blowing so freshly and free;
 Let the sound of the scythe and the sickle
 Re-echo o'er hill-top and plain;
 And gather the sheaves in the garner,
 For golden and ripe is the grain.

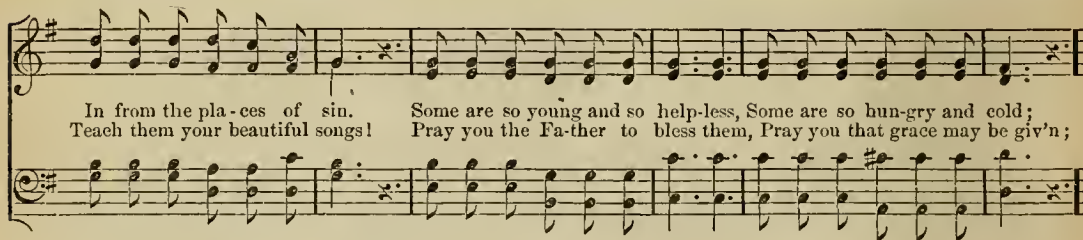
OPEN THE DOOR FOR THE CHILDREN.

D. C. JOHN.

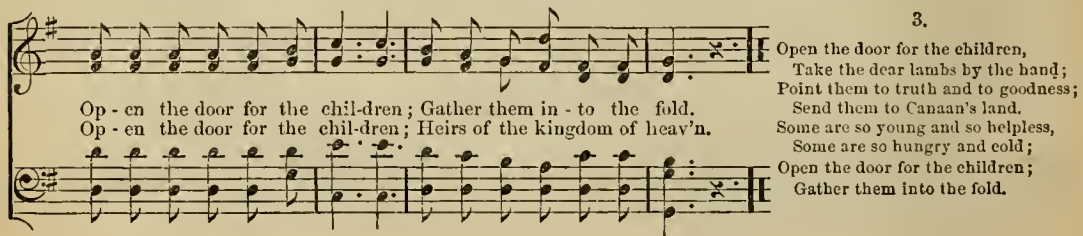
INFANT CLASS HYMN.



1. Op - en the door for the chil-dren, Ten-der-ly gath-er them in; In from the high-ways and hedg-es,
2. Op - en the door for the chil-dren, See! they are coming in throngs; Bid them sit down to the ban-quet,



In from the pla - ces of sin. Some are so young and so help-less, Some are so hun-gry and cold;
Teach them your beau-tiful songs! Pray you the Fa-ther to bless them, Pray you that grace may be giv'n;

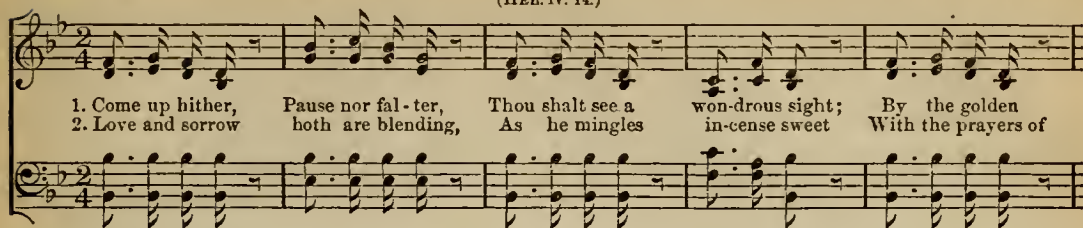


3.
Open the door for the children,
Take the dear lambs by the hand;
Point them to truth and to goodness;
Send them to Canaan's land.
Some are so young and so helpless,
Some are so hungry and cold;
Open the door for the children;
Gather them into the fold.

THE INTERCESSOR.

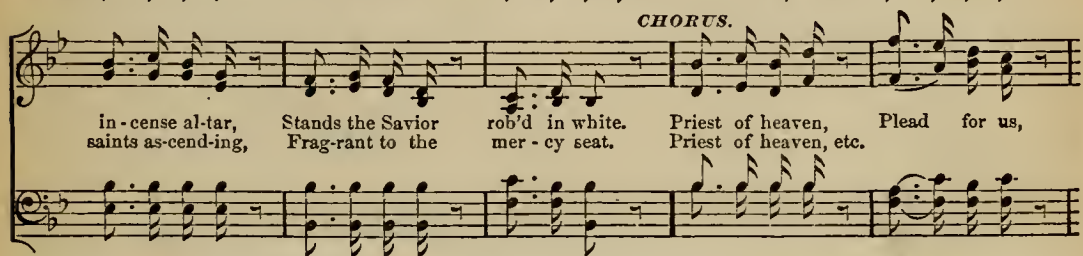
Arranged from "ANGLUS." 141

"Seeing then that we have a great high priest that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession."—
(HEB. iv. 14.)

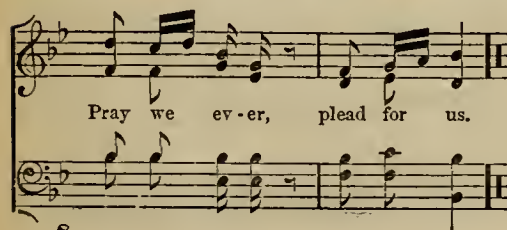


1. Come up hither, Pause nor fal-ter, Thou shalt see a won-drous sight; By the golden
2. Love and sorrow both are blending, As he mingles in-cense sweet With the prayers of

CHORUS.



in - cense al-tar, Stands the Savior rob'd in white. Priest of heaven, Plead for us,
saints as-cend-ing, Frag-rant to the mer - cy seat. Priest of heaven, etc.



Pray we ev-er, plead for us.

3. Lord how long our souls are crying,
For thy waiting church come down;
Tune our prayers to praise undying,
Change thy mitre for thy crown.—*Chorus.*
4. For no need of priest nor altar,
When the King shall claim his bride;
Changed our prayers to angel's psalter,
Worthy is the Lamb that died.

Chorus for last verse:

King of Heaven reign o'er us,
Sing we ever, reign o'er us.

THE GOLDEN HOUR.

L. O. EMERSON.
By permission.

1. This gold - en hour is thine, Our Fa - ther and our friend; Here may the beams of
 2. This gold - en hour is thine, Let ev' - ry care de - part; Come peace - ful dove, on
 3. Lord bless this gold - en hour, And when its smile is past, Still like the frag - rance

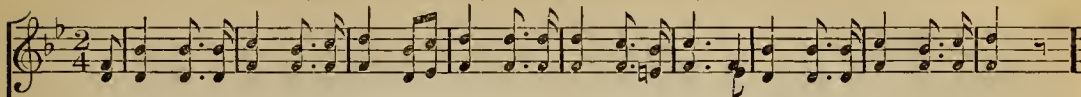
mer - cy shine, The dew of grace de - scend. A young and hap - py throng, We
 wings di - vine, And rest in ev' - ry heart. Oh, teach us how to pray, In -
 of the flow'r, Oh, may its mem' - ry last. This gold - en hour is thine, Our

seek thy house to - day; We come to raise our grate - ful song, And learn the heav'nly way.
 spire our tongues to sing; And call our souls from earth a - way, To Christ the liv - ing spring.
 Fa - ther and our friend; Here may the beams of mer - cy shine, The dew of grace de - scend.

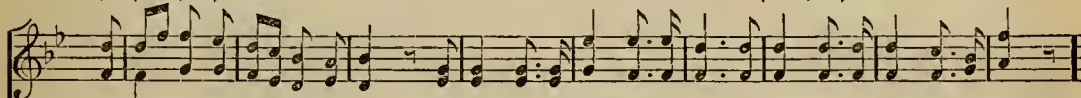
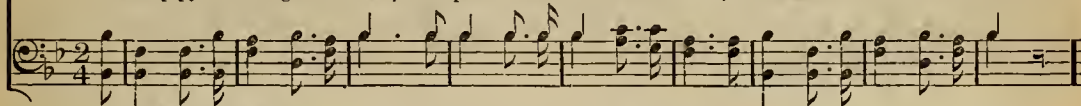
HOSANNA TO JESUS ON HIGH.

D. C. JOHN. 143

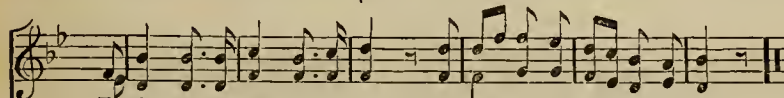
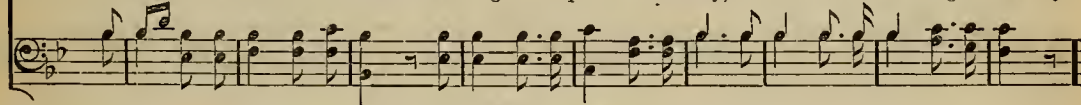
"Lord make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am."—(PSALM XXXIX. 4.)



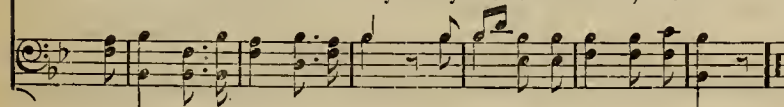
1. Ho-san - na to Je - sus on high! An - oth - er has en - ter'd his rest; Anoth - er has en - ter'd the sky,
2. How hap-py the an - gels that fall, Transport - ed at Je - sus - 's name; The saints whom he soonest shall call



And lodg'd in Imman-u-el's breast; The soul of our sis - ter is gone To heighten the triumph a-bove;
To share in the feast of the Lamb! No long - er impris - on'd in clay, Who next from the dungeon shall fly?



Ex-alt - ed to Je - sus - 's throne, And clasp'd in the arms of his love.
Who first shall be summon'd away? My mer-ci - ful Lord, is it I?



3.

O Jesus, if it be thy will,
That suddenly I should depart;
Thy counsel of mercy reveal,
And whisper thy call to my heart;
O give me a signal to know,
If soon thou wouldst have me re-
move;
To leave the dull body below,
And fly to the regions above.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

D. C. JOHN.

"And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal."—(REV. xxii. 1.)

1. Forth from the throne of glory, Bright in its crys - tal gleam; Bursts out the liv - ing fount - ain,

CHORUS.

Swells on the liv - ing stream. Bless - ed riv - er, let me ev - er Feast my eyes on thee;

2. Stream full of life and gladness
Spring of all health and peace,
No harps by thee hang silent,
Nor happy voices cease.—*Chorus.*

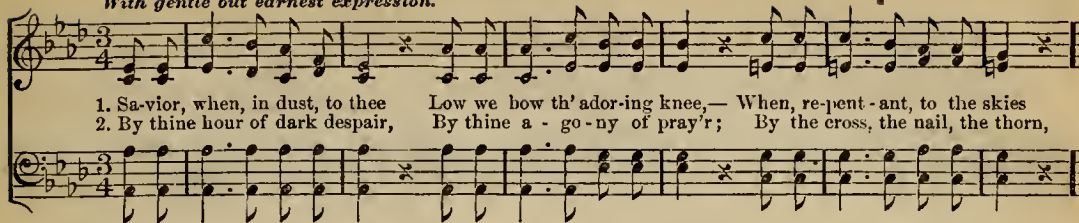
Bless - ed riv - er, let me ev - er Feast my eyes on thee.

3. River of God, I greet thee,
Not now afar but near;
My soul to thy still waters,
Hastes in thirsting here.—*Chorus.*

THE LITANY.

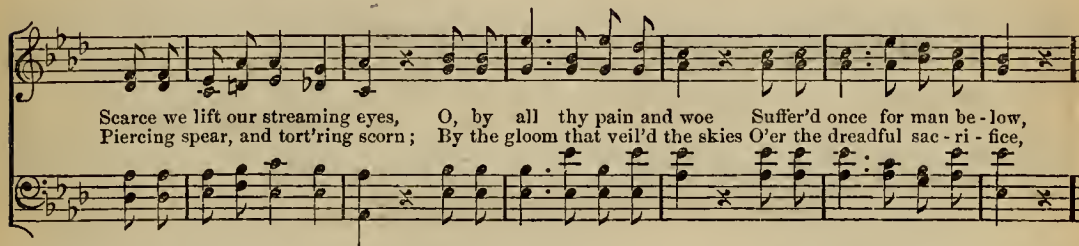
D. C. JOHN. 145

With gentle but earnest expression.

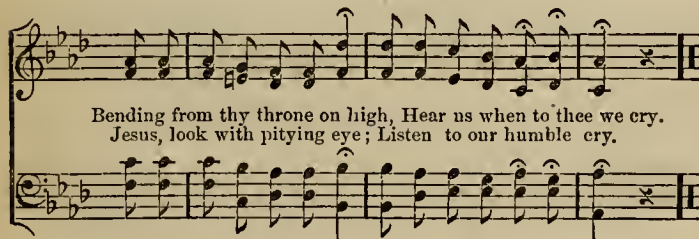


1. Sa-vior, when, in dust, to thee
2. By thine hour of dark despair,

Low we bow th'ador-ing knee,— When, re-pent-ant, to the skies
By thine a - go - ny of pray'r; By the cross, the nail, the thorn,



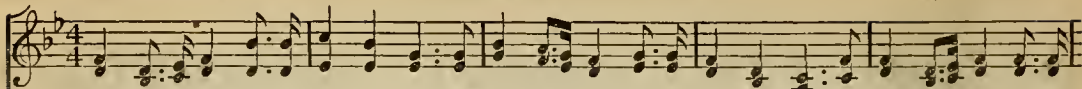
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes, O, by all thy pain and woe Suffer'd once for man be-low,
Piercing spear, and tort'ring scorn; By the gloom that veil'd the skies O'er the dreadful sac - ri - fice,



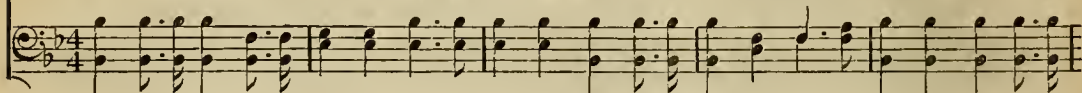
Bending from thy throne on high, Hear us when to thee we cry.
Jesus, look with pitying eye; Listen to our humble cry.

3.

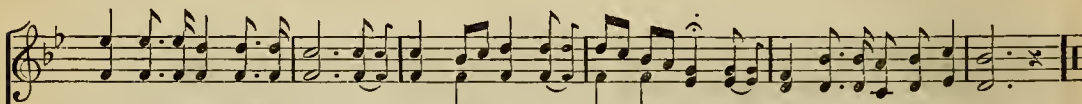
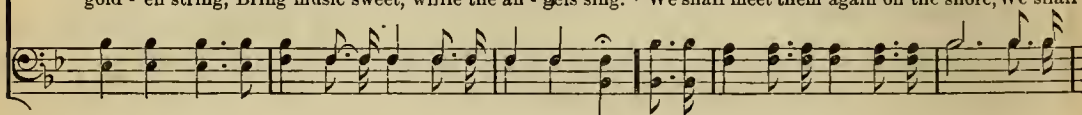
By the deep, expiring groan;
By the sad, sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God,—
O, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Savior, Prince, exalted high,
Hear, O hear, our humble cry.



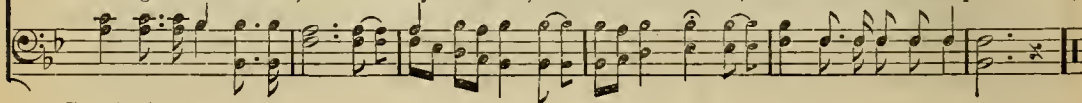
1. Many sweet children have liv'd and died; We said "Good bye," at the river side; They dipp'd their feet in the
2. Round the bright throne now our lov'd ones stand, And tune their harps in the better land; Their little hands from each



glid - ing stream, And faded a-way, like a love - ly dream. We shall meet them again on the shore, We shall
gold - en string, Bring music sweet, while the an - gels sing. * We shall meet them again on the shore, We shall



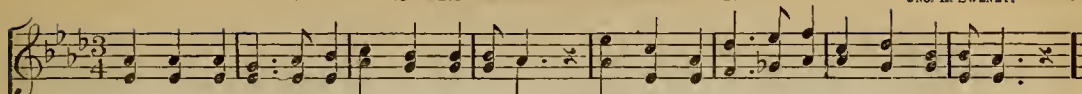
meet them again on the shore, With fairer face and angel grace, Each loved one will welcome us there.
meet them again on the shore, When our days have fled, and our brief lives o'er, We shall meet them and part no more,



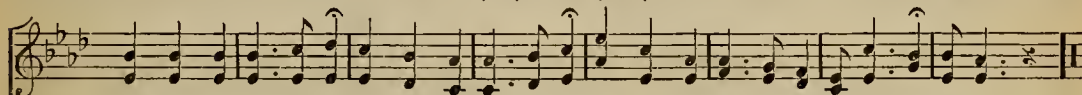
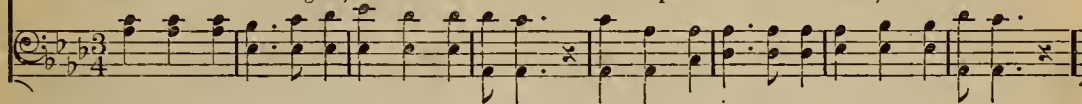
* Chorus for 4th verse.

WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

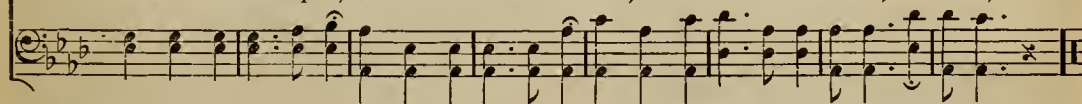
JNO. R. SWENEY. 147



1. When shall we meet again, Meet ne'er to sever? When shall peace wreath her chain, Round us forever?



Our hearts will ne'er repose, Safe from each blast that blows, In this dark world of woes, Never—no, never.



2. When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill—
Never—no, never.

3. Up to that world of light,
Take us, dear Savior;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever;
Where kindred spirits dwell,
Here may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel—
Never—no, never.

4. Soon shall we meet again—
Meet, ne'er to sever;
Soon will peace wreath her chain
Round us forever;
Our hearts will there repose,
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close—
Never—no, never.

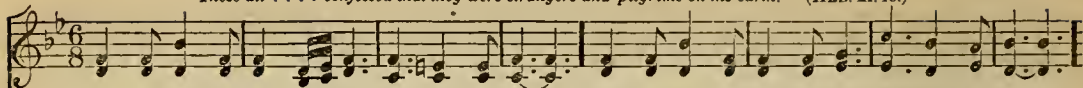
Concluded from opposite page.

3. Why should we mourn when our children die,
And hasten to their bright home on high?
The blessed cross with unchanging beam,
Now lights all the way o'er the misty stream.—*Cho.*

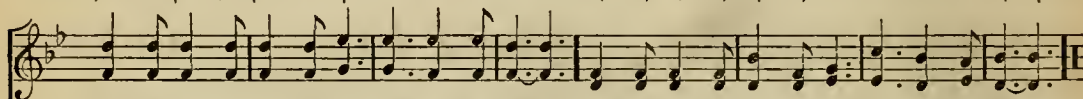
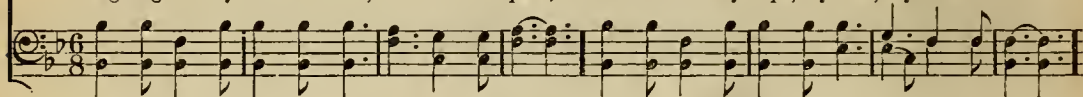
4. Round the bright throne now our loved ones stand,
Tuning their harps in the better land;
Their little hands from each sounding string,
Bring music sweet, while the angels sing.—*Cho.*

THE PILGRIM.

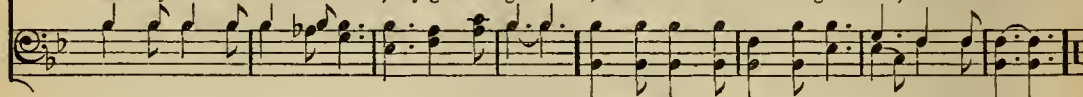
D. C. JONK.

"These all . . . confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth."—(HEB. xi. 13.)

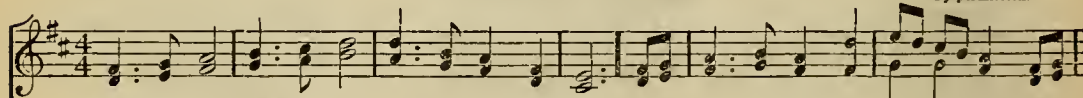
1. Pil-grim in the world be-low, I so-journ here; Nei-ther hap-pi-ness nor woe, Wake hope or fear;
 2. Sing-ing to my home a-bove, Soon I'll re-pair; Ev-en now my hope, my love, My heart is there.



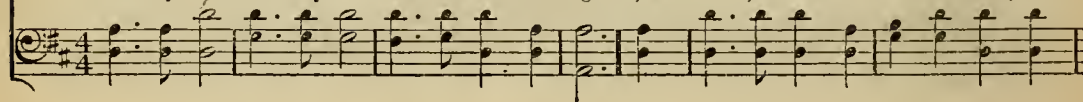
Sor-rows in a mo-ment end, Joys soon are past; But the bliss to which I tend, Ev-er shall last.
 There my bless-ed Sa-vior stands, My great High Priest; 'Mid the white-rob'd angel bands, Soon I shall rest.

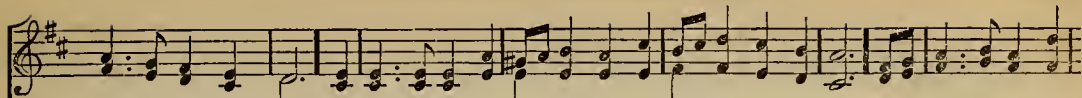


HEAVENLY HOME.

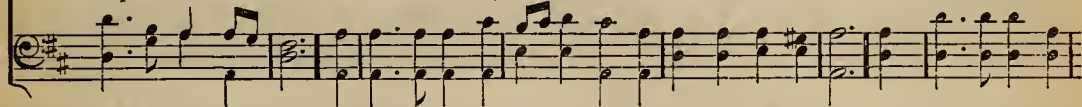
J. H. TENNEY.
By permission.

1. Heav'nly home! heav'nly home! pre-cious name to me! I love to think the time will come, When
 2. Heav'nly home! heav'nly home! There no clouds a-rise, No tear-drops fall, no dark nights dim, Thy
 3. Heav'nly home! heav'nly home! Ne'er shall sorrow's gloom, Nor doubts, nor fears dis-turb me there, For





I shall rest in thee. I've no a-bid-ing ci - ty here, I seek for one to come; And tho' my pilgrim-
ev - er smil-ing skies. This earthly home is fair and bright, Yet clouds will often come; And oh, I long to
all is peace at home. I know I ne'er shall worthy be To dwell 'neath heav'n's bright dome, But Christ, my Savior,



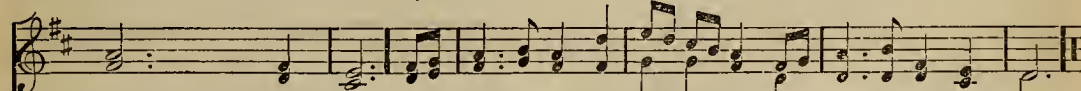
CHORUS.



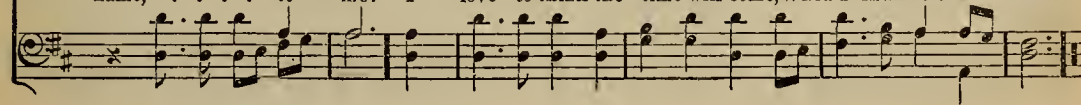
age be drear, I know there's rest at home. Heav'nly home, . . . heav'nly home, . . . Precious
see the light, That gilds my heav'nly home. Heav'nly home, etc.
died for me, And now he calls me home. Heav'nly home, etc.

Heav'nly home,

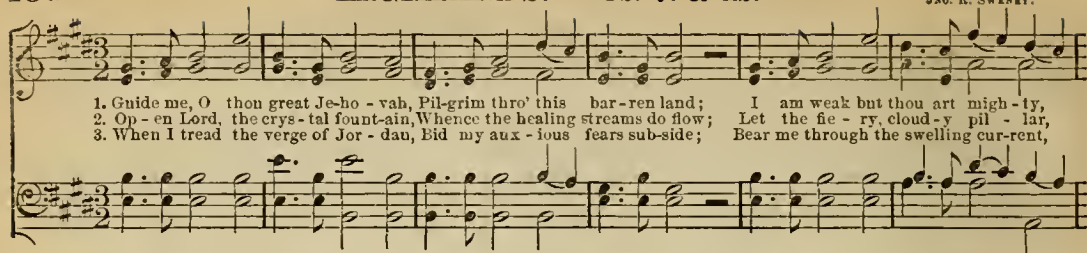
Heav'nly home,



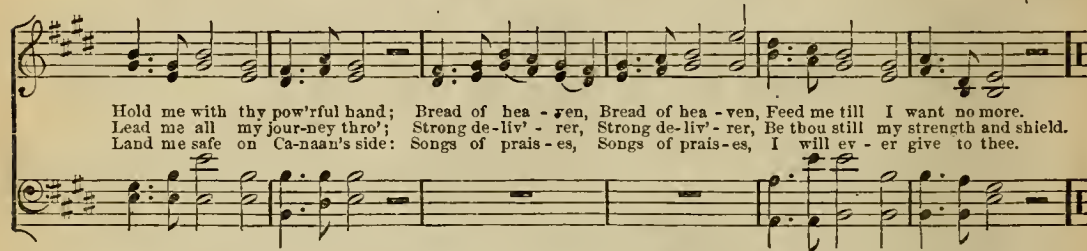
name, to me! I love to think the time will come, When I shall rest at home.



Precious name to me!

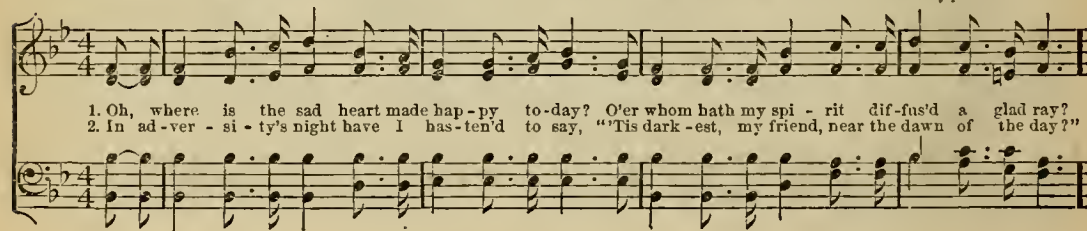


1. Guide me, O thou great Je-ho - vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land; I am weak but thou art migh-ty,
 2. Op - en Lord, the crys - tal fount-ain, Whence the healing streams do flow; Let the fie - ry, cloud-y pil - lar,
 3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dau, Bid my aux - ious fears sub-side; Bear me through the swelling current,



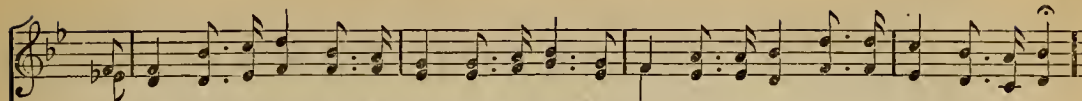
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand; Bread of hea - ven, Bread of hea - ven, Feed me till I want no more.
 Lead me all my jour-ney thro'; Strong de-liv' - rer, Strong de-liv' - rer, Be thou still my strength and shield.
 Land me safe on Ca-naan's side: Songs of prais-es, Songs of prais-es, I will ev - er give to thee.

WHAT HAVE I DONE FOR THE MASTER.

J. H. TENNEY.
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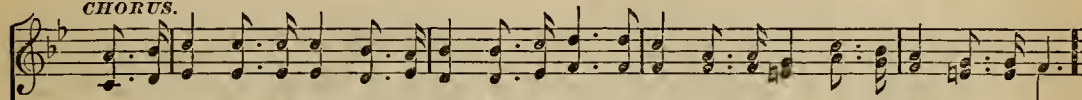
1. Oh, where is the sad heart made hap-py to-day? O'er whom bath my spi - rit dif-fus'd a glad ray?
 2. In ad-ver - si - ty's night have I has-ten'd to say, "'Tis dark - est, my friend, near the dawn of the day?"

WHAT HAVE I DONE FOR THE MASTER. Concluded. 151

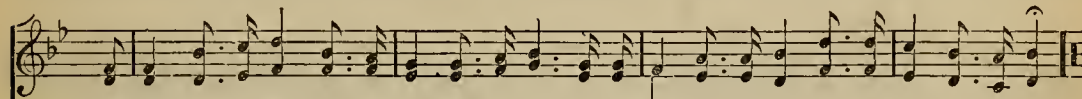


What earth-wea - ry one ov - er - lad - en with care, Whose bur - den I've kind - ly as - sist ed to bear?
To eyes dim with tears, have I point - ed a - far, To the ray in the East, to the bright morn - ing star?

CHORUS.



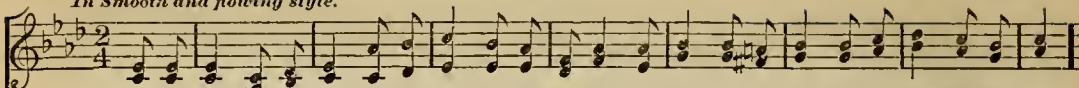
Let us up and be do - ing, While yet we may say, "Oh, what can I do for the Mas - ter to - day?"



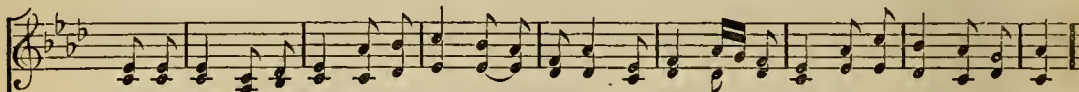
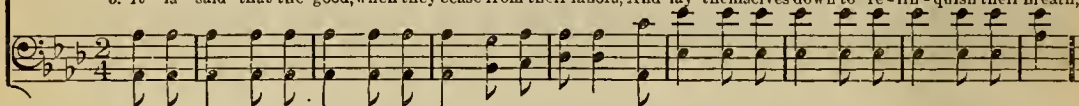
That when we are call'd from his ser - vice be - low, To the arms of his love we may joy - ful - ly go.

3. Have I stood at the fount where the spring bubbles up,
And filled, when exhausted, the traveler's cup?
Have I told of the Friend, who so kindly doth save,
And the "Water of Life," that in dying he gave.—*Chorus.*

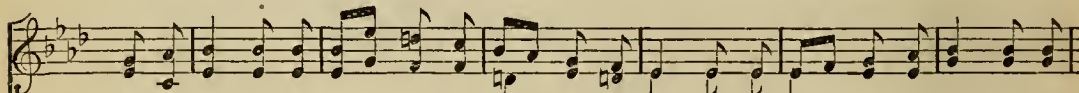
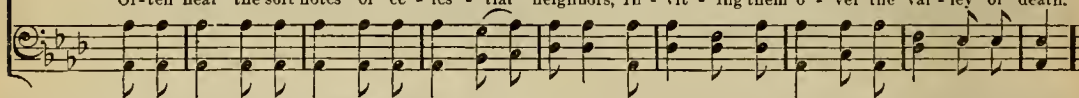
4. We'll hear from his lips the sweet sentence, "Well done!
Now rest, faithful servant, thy labor is done!"
In raptures of joy we will lean on his breast,
We'll gaze on his face, and forever be blest.—*Chorus.*

In Smooth and flowing style.

1. There are mo-ments when mu-sic's soft num-bers en-charn me, And thrill through my soul with a chasten'd de- light;
2. On a bright summer night, when the stars were re-veal-ing Their my-riads of eyes in the clear a-zure dome,
3. It is said that the good, when they cease from their labors, And lay themselves down to re-lin-quish their breath,



Nor a high-er e-ly-sian, can friendship's voice grant me, Than warbling her songs, in the calm of the night.
 Came a cho-rus of maid-ens with har-mo-n'y greeting, And sung near my cot-tage a song of sweet home.
 Of-ten hear the soft notes of ce-les-tial neighbors, In-vit-ing them o-ver the val-ley of death.



Half-a-wak'd by the mel-o-dy's, ris-ing and swell-ing, I drink in the sounds as they
 How the mel-o-dy wav-ing, and ris-ing, and swell-ing, Came steal-ing a-long through the
 While the sigh-ings of sor-row are heard in their dwell-ing, The dy-ing hear mu-sic a-



float on the air; And im - ag - ine that an - gels en - cir - cling my dwelling, Are sing - ing a
 calm summer air; And I thought the bright an - gels en - cir - cling my dwelling, And sing - ing etc.,
 loft in the air; For the voi - ces of an - gels in har - mo - ny swelling, Are sing - ing etc.,

hea - ven - ly lul - la - by there, Are sing - ing a hea - ven - ly lul - la - by there.

DIX. 6s.

SWENEY.

Bold.

1. The Fir - ma - ment of light, With earth, and air, and sea, O God of glo - rious might Is tem - ple meet for thee.

2. Yet wilt thou deign to grace, All holy as thou art, The earthly dwelling place, Reared by a human heart.	3. Ring out the joyful bell! Pour forth the grateful strain! Let the full anthem swell Once more, and yet again!	4. We dedicate, our God, To thee whom we adore; O, make it thine abode, Now and forevermore!
--	---	---

PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT.

English.

1. Hark! hark! my soul, an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing Over earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore; . . .

How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

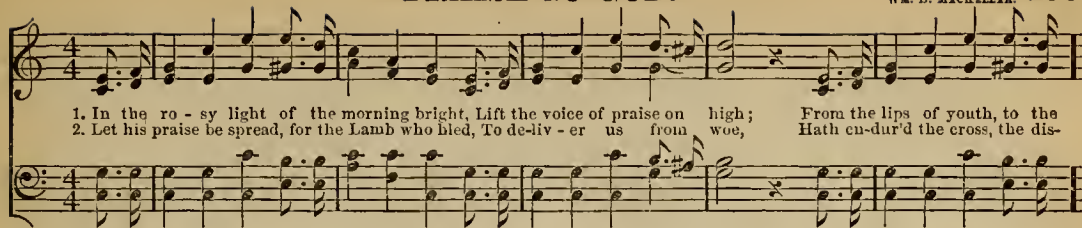
CHORUS. *rall,*
An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night. A - MEN.

2. Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come!"
And, through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.—*Chorus.*
3. Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.—*Cho.*

4. Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.—*Cho.*
5. Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
'Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—*Cho.*

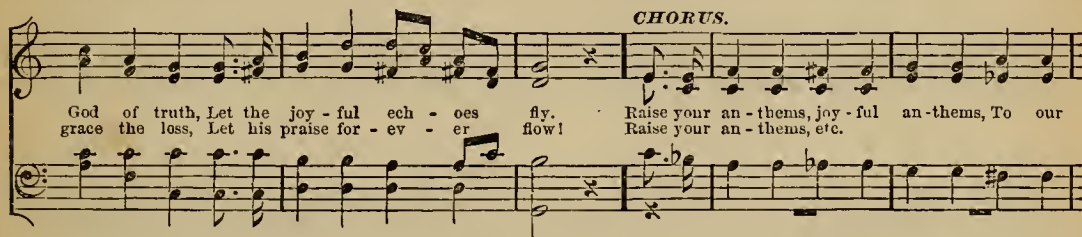
PRAISE TO GOD.

WM. B. MACKELLAR. 155

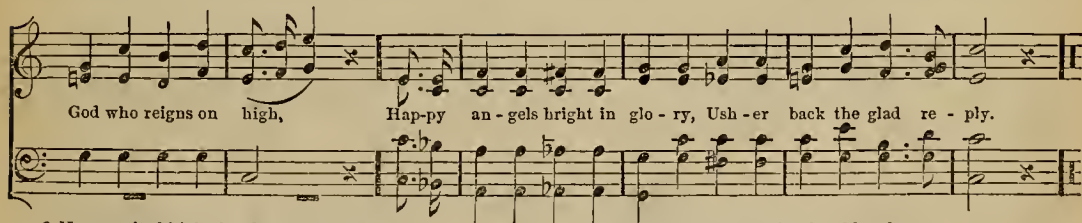


1. In the ro - sy light of the morning bright, Lift the voice of praise on high;
 2. Let his praise be spread, for the Lamb who bled, To de-liv - er us from woe, From the lips of youth, to the
 Hath en-dur'd the cross, the dis-

CHORUS.



God of truth, Let the joy - ful ech - oes fly. Raise your an - thems, joy - ful an - thems, To our
 grace the loss, Let his praise for - ev - er flow! Raise your an - thems, etc.



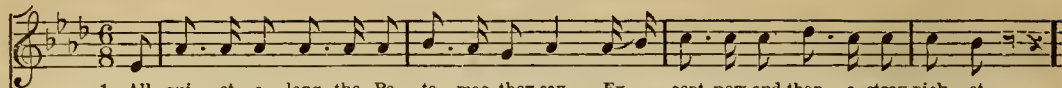
God who reigns on high, Hap - py an - gels bright in glo - ry, Ush - er back the glad re - ply.

3. Now, exalted high o'er the earth and sky,
 He delights in mercy still:
 Bends his gracious ear, our requests to hear,
 And our longing souls to fill.—Chorus.

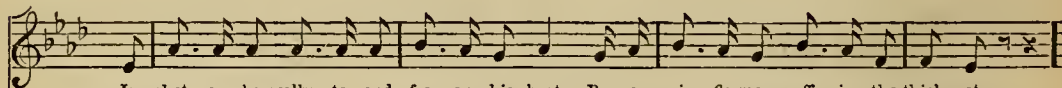
4. On the cross he hung, for the old and young,
 But he loves the children best;
 To his arms we'll fly, on his grace rely,
 And secure his promised rest.—Chorus.

"THE PICKET GUARD."

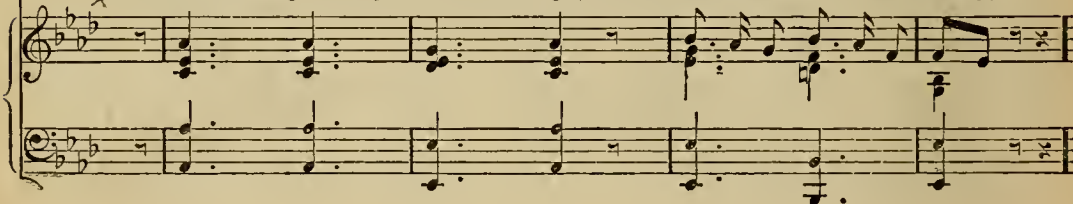
D. C. JOHN.

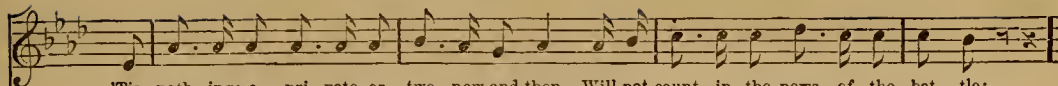


1. All qui - et a - long the Po - to - mac, they say, Ex - cept now and then a stray pick - et
2. All qui - et a - long the Po - to - mac, to - night, When the sol - diers lie peace - ful - ly dream - ing;
3. There's on - ly the sound of the lone sen - try's tread, As he tramps from the rock to the fount - ain,
4. He pass - es the fount - ain, the blast - ed pine - tree— His foot - step is lag - ging and wca - ry;

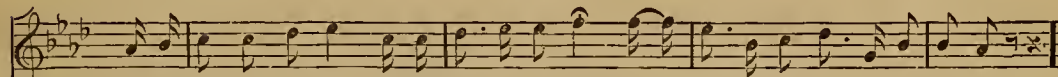


Is shot as he walks to and fro on his beat, By a ri - fle - man off in the thick - et.
 Their tents in the rays of the clear Au - tumn moon, Or the light of the watch - fires are gleam - ing;
 And thinks of the two in the low trun - dle bed, Far a - way in the cot on the mount - ain;
 Yet on - ward he goes through the broad belt of light, Toward the shade of the for - est so drear - y;

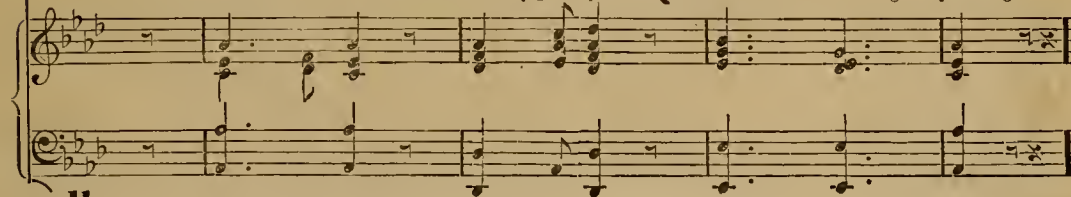




'Tis noth-ing; a pri-vate or two now and then, Will not count in the news of the bat-tle;
 A trem-u-lous sigh as the gen-tle night wind Thro' the for-est leaves soft-ly is steal-ing;
 His mus-ket falls back, and his face dark and grim, Grows gen-tle with mem-o-ries ten-der;
 Hark! was it the night wind that rus-tl'd the leaves? Was, it moon-light so sud-den-ly flash-ing?



Not an of-fi-cer lost, on-ly one of the men, Moan-ing out all a-lone, the death rat-tle.
 While the stars up a-bove, with their glit-ter-ing eyes Keep guard, for the ar-my is sleep-ing.
 As he whis-pers a pray'r for the child-ren a-sleep, And their mother-may hea-ven de-fend her!
 It look'd like a ri-fle-Ah! Ma-ry good bye! And his life-blood is ebb-ing and phash-ing.



CHORUS.

Two staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is on the treble staff, and the bass line is on the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

All qui - et a - long the Po - to - mac to - night, No sound save the rush of the riv - er;

Two staves of music continuing the chorus. The melody and bass line continue with the same lyrics.

While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead, The pick-et's off du - ty, for - ev-er.

DOXOLOGY. S. M.

D. C. JOHN

Two staves of music in D major (two sharps) and 2/4 time. The melody is on the treble staff, and the bass line is on the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

To God, the Fa-ther, Son, And Spirit, One in Three, Be glory as it was, is now, And shall for-ev-er be.

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